

JOHN BULL



RECIPE

6 oz. Self-raising Flour, or 6 oz. plain Flour and flat teaspoon Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.
3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA'.

Mix the flour, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours.

Sufficient for
4 to 6 persons.

Jam Roly-Poly!

The children simply love it, and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole.

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

With a packet of this good Beef Suet you have the foundation for an infinite variety of dishes, that are at once appetising and satisfying, and that provide the greatest nourishment.

This inexpensive recipe for Jam Roly-Poly is taken from the 'Atora' book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., MANCHESTER.



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We Trust
YOU

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£3.3.0 Value for 22/6

Gent's Size. Bold square dial, splendid quality, tested movement, highly polished, platinum case, leather strap. Timed to a minute a month. Sent on free approval. If satisfactory, pay 1/6 fortnightly until £22/6 is paid, or Pitted on Chrome Mesh extension 27/6 same terms. Lady's size, same quality on Black Metal band or expanding Bracelet, in handsome velvet-lined case, 22/6. Same terms, 1/6 fortnightly after receipt.

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J.B.57

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Buy the BEST Rug Wools DIRECT FROM THE MILLS and make a BETTER Rug at nearly HALF the cost. Write for FREE SAMPLES AND FREE RUG BOOK FROM

1/- PER LB

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1/6 WEEKLY

SEND NOW ONLY 1/6 AS FIRST WEEK'S INSTALMENT BALANCE 1/6 WEEKLY

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50 galls.	17/6
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11 in.	5/11
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97 in.	91/11
98 in.	92/11
99 in.	93/11
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Garages from 70/- or 5/- down. Sheds from 50/- or 3/3 down made with electric tools from seasoned timber. Each section dead accurate, hence easy to erect. Complete with roofing felt, bolts, etc., etc.

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£20 A WEEK FOR LIFE

FIRST OR PRIZE

£10,000

CASH DOWN for 6p

MUST BE WON FOR SELECTING THE BEST ALL-STAR RADIO PROGRAMME

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In a very few days the opportunity to win £20 a week for Life or £10,000 cash down in the "Daily Herald's" Radio Contest will be gone for ever. Do not miss it! This great contest definitely closes on Wednesday next, March 21st.

Act at once—to delay may mean that a fortune will slip through your fingers. Complete and post the entry forms opposite NOW—and this tremendous prize may very easily be YOURS. All you have to do is select from the 28 "turns" featured in the entry form the 12 which would provide the best All-Star Radio Programme. Read through the list of "turns" and commence making your selection now! All you are asked to do is to place a cross (X) against each of the 12 "turns" selected. There is no order of merit required. Simply insert your 12 crosses in each column completed on the right of the entry form. No claims required—all entries will be examined.

Just imagine what it would mean to you to be the winner of £20 a week for life or £10,000 cash! To enable you to take the fullest advantage of this final opportunity,

two entry forms have been printed with this announcement. You may send in as many entries as you like, and remember, it may be your last entry that may carry off the prize. Do not hesitate—seize this golden opportunity NOW.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The closing date for the great Radio Contest is Wednesday, March 21st, but in order to make every allowance for postal delays, and to make reasonable provision for competitors living in outlying areas, all entries for this contest which arrive not later than SATURDAY, MARCH 24th, will be accepted.

CONTEST CLOSING MARCH 21ST

Second Prize £500 ; Third Prize £250
The whole of the prize money is guaranteed by the "Daily Herald" and the whole of the profits will go to the Prisoners' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation to provide pensions for the aged and to assist widows and orphans.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

- (1) Entry Forms must be filled in and completed by the competitor (in person) IN INK and in block letters (including correct name, permanent address, with the number of Postal Order), and must not be altered or mutilated. TWELVE CROSSES ONLY PER COLUMN must be written in the blank spaces provided.
- (2) Entry Forms must be cut out and placed in a sealed envelope and posted to the address given, together with the necessary entrance fee to cover the number of paid entries submitted at the rate indicated at the top of the entry columns of the entry form. Postage stamps cannot be accepted as entrance fee. You may send in as many attempts as you please, but all attempts must be made on the printed forms provided.
- (3) Postal Order must be made payable to the "Daily Herald" (1929) Ltd., and crossed "A Co." Write your name and address on back of Postal Order, and date of sending same.
- (4) After the close of the Competition, the list of 28 Radio Star "Turns" will be submitted to a Committee of Experts who will decide upon the twelve that would provide the best all-star Radio Programme. The competitor whose twelve selections, in any one entry column, agree, or most nearly agree, with the decision of this Committee, will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and the next nearest the third prize.
- (5) In the event of a tie the prizes as affected will be combined and divided. No winner can receive more than one prize or share of any prize or prizes. The alternative Life Pension will be awarded at the option of the winner if the first prize is won outright by one competitor. Should the first prize be shared it will be paid outright in cash.
- (6) Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and the "Daily Herald" takes no responsibility for entry forms lost, delayed or mislaid in transit or after delivery. No correspondence will be entered into and no interviews granted.
- (7) Employees of the "Daily Herald" (and its Associated Companies) and members of their families are not allowed to compete. The "Daily Herald" reserves the right to disqualify any competitor for reasons which it considers good and sufficient.
- (8) The closing date is Wednesday, March 21, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a date to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.
- (9) Failure to comply with any of the above rules involves disqualification.

No Claims Required.

All Entries will be Examined.

Further Entry Forms will appear daily in the "Daily Herald" up to and including Wednesday, March 21st.



FREE ENTRIES and HANDSOME SURPRISES for "John Bull" Readers

The "Daily Herald" presents one fully paid sixpenny

ENTRY FREE

to all competitors sending a minimum of 2 paid entries on the entry forms on the right.

Every entrant who completes all 6 columns on an entry form will, in addition to the free entry, receive a

HANDSOME SURPRISE GIFT by return of post. Something unique and novel and really worth having. You will be delighted with it.

RADIO CONTEST

OPPORTUNITY!

ENTRY FORM No. J.B. 1.

Choose the 12 of the 28 Star "Turns" given below that would provide the best All-Star Radio Programme by placing a Cross (X) against those selected in the blank spaces on the right. **INSERT IN INK TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN COMPLETED OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED. NO ORDER OF MERIT REQUIRED.**

	One Entry Ed.	Two & Three Entries 1/-	Four Entries 1/6	Five Entries 2/-	Six Entries 2/6
1 Ambrose and his Embassy Club Orchestra.					
2 The B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra.					
3 George Baker.					
4 Elsie Carlisle.					
5 Clapham and Dwyer.					
6 Mabel Constanduros and Michael Hogan.					
7 Rale Da Costa.					
8 Jeanne de Casalis.					
9 Reginald Dixon.					
10 Gracie Fields.					
11 Ronald Frankau.					
12 Muriel George and Ernest Butcher.					
13 Gershom Parkinson Quintet.					
14 Leonard Gowings.					
15 Olive Groves.					
16 The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra directed by Henry Hall					
17 Tommy Handley.					
18 Will Hay and his Scholars.					
19 Harry Hemsley.					
20 Leonard Henry.					
21 Stanley Holloway.					
22 Jack Hylton and his Band.					
23 Gillie Potter.					
24 Stuart Robertson.					
25 John Tilley.					
26 Elsie and Doris Waters.					
27 Western Brothers.					
28 Anona Winn.					

You can use this form for one or more entries. The amount payable for one or more entries is indicated at the top of the entry columns on this entry form. I agree to abide by the Rules which I have read & accept as final & legally binding & enclose P.O. Number Value covering entries. P.O. is crossed /& Co./ and is made payable to the "Daily Herald" (1929), Ltd. Please write clearly in ink and see that your envelope is sufficiently stamped.

NAME
ADDRESS
(Block Letters) J.B.1.

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY: RADIO CONTEST (DEPT. J.B. 1), "DAILY HERALD," 224, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

Name.....
Address.....

If undelivered please return to "Daily Herald" Radio Contest, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ENTRY FORM No. J.B. 2.

Choose the 12 of the 28 Star "Turns" given below that would provide the best All-Star Radio Programme by placing a Cross (X) against those selected in the blank spaces on the right. **INSERT IN INK TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN COMPLETED OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED. NO ORDER OF MERIT REQUIRED.**

	One Entry Ed.	Two & Three Entries 1/-	Four Entries 1/6	Five Entries 2/-	Six Entries 2/6
1 Ambrose and his Embassy Club Orchestra.					
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NAME
ADDRESS
(Block Letters) J.B.2.

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY: RADIO CONTEST (DEPT. J.B. 2), "DAILY HERALD," 224, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

Name.....
Address.....

If undelivered please return to "Daily Herald" Radio Contest, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A handsome Surprise Gift will be sent to every reader who completes all six columns on an entry form for this contest—complete your entry form now—send it in together with the label printed herewith and your Surprise Gift will be sent to you by return of post. Don't forget to give your name and full postal address on the label.

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B.C.13



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Chaos on the busy road—and deadly danger, too

EVERY week somebody is killed at a level crossing. Every week adds to the ever-mounting total of the injured and permanently crippled.

There are 5,816 of these death-traps in the country. Every railway section has one or more, every road, and almost every by-road.

Some places have a bumper crop. Hull, for instance, one of the most important towns in the kingdom, has thirteen level crossings slung across its busiest thoroughfares.

At Leytonstone, one of the main arteries out of London to the east, there is a level crossing. A train passes here about every four minutes. The gates have to be opened and closed each time. At the rush hour at night there are hundreds of yards of waiting cars along the road, all adding to the chaos in the streets behind.

Not so long ago fire-engines were compelled to join the queue, stopped in their race to a disastrous fire which was menacing the railway itself.

For economy reasons, hundreds of these crossings have no guardian. They have to be opened and closed by the road users themselves.

At one of them, at Belvedere, in Kent, Stephen Collins, a fifty-seven-year-old hawker, was killed the other day. He was just one of the weekly victims. He had opened one gate and got half-way across the line when the train struck his horse and cart.

It is a not uncommon occurrence for trains to go smashing through these unguarded gates, left closed to the railway by the negligence or oversight of a road user.

BUT neither the wrecking of property nor the killing and maiming of the road user can be blamed on the railway authorities.

The fault lies with the purblind or purse-tight local authorities who permit these death-traps to continue. And with the Ministry of Transport, which blandly ignores the reports of a Royal Commission demanding their abolition.

Time and again it is only sheer luck which has prevented a terrible disaster.

A few days ago a bus load of sixty miners going to work at East Wemyss, Fife, only just got across the lines as a train crashed through, the dying wreckage being strewn around the bus.

Luck, however, fails to save more than fifty people a year.

In one week-end recently there were five dis-

asters in one day. At Arbroath, in Scotland, Jessie Smith, a school teacher, was run down and killed at a crossing by an express train. At Ashton Gate crossing, near Bristol, a fourteen-year-old boy, Joseph Cooksley, was killed, and at Cheltenham, Mr. A. S. Baker, a young insurance official, on his way to discuss wedding plans with his fiancée, was fatally injured.

The same day, at Uckfield, in Sussex, and at Stafford, lorries and motor wagons were wrecked at level crossings, the driver in one case escaping with only slight injuries.

If the frightful annual toll in life and limb claimed by these antiquated menaces is not cause enough for their immediate abolition, let us have a look at another side, the waste and loss they cause in time and money.

BASING their statement on a census made at representative level crossings throughout the country, a responsible statistical survey recently reported that 40,000 years of time are lost every year to road users by gate delays.

A large proportion of them are commercial vehicles. Their lost time is lost money, reflected in wages and transport costs amounting to hundreds of thousands of pounds, a direct burden on distributor and consumer.

Figures like this should be of great interest to Government Departments who love to estimate

their gains and savings in "man hours" and suchlike queer units, and to whom the human side of a casualty list does not count as much as its value as a statistic.

But neither the carnage nor the statistics of the level crossings seems to have had much effect on the Government Department concerned.

In 1929, and again in 1931, the Royal Commission on Transport reported that the Ministry of Transport should take immediate steps to abolish all level crossings and replace them with "fly-over" bridges, by-passes, or tunnels.

Both recommendations were couched in the strongest possible terms. They were made after hearing and considering a mass of evidence, collected from all sides, which was unanimous in one thing—that nobody had a good word to say for these dangerous survivors of a bygone time.

IN the years which have passed since those reports were issued, what has happened? Nothing—except that 200 men, women and children have been killed.

Official bodies representing commercial motor users and motoring associations like the A.A. and the R.A.C. have made many attempts to bring about some action by the Ministry on the Commission's reports. They have failed.

Coroners almost monthly have added their comments. The Ministry has been unmoved.

What it has done has been to administer a sharp rap over the knuckles from time to time to local authorities who were attempting to do something about the level crossing menace themselves, and hoped to be helped out with a loan.

A few years ago Hull had a £1,000,000 scheme for this purpose, which came to nothing.

The abolition of level crossings will provide work for thousands of men. It will put an end at once to a continual loss of precious human life, an unending toll which is growing year by year.

Within reach of the Minister of Transport is a Road Fund of £60,000,000 collected from motorists for such constructive purposes as this.

The Minister has recently hinted that he is prepared to look benignly on applications for loans from local authorities desiring to demolish level crossings in their areas.

We devoutly hope that the local authorities will get busy at once with their demands before the Ministry has second thoughts.

But we suggest to the Minister that so belated and niggardly a gesture is not enough.

These death-trap menaces are his responsibility. It is not enough to say to the local authorities, "You may." He must say, "You must."

What We Expect from London's New Rulers

Mother's Fight for Her Son Hounded to Court for 9d.



Spare not the Axe, Woodman Morrison!

THE Gentlemen with the Axe have arrived! And this time it isn't the False Economy Axe, thank heaven!

We know of a lot of rotten branches that need to be lopped off the local government tree, and we should like to see the axe wielded very heavily indeed by the new Labour government of London—the first the world's greatest city has ever had.

The prime organiser in the bringing about of this sensational change in rulership is Mr. Herbert Morrison, leader of the Labour Party in the L.C.C. and the former Minister of Transport.

Party politics apart, we welcome Mr. Morrison's advent to power. He is a man who can be trusted, and the seven and a half million citizens of Greater London can take his word for it when he says he is out for real reform and not reckless revolution.

Where to begin

We are glad to know that he and his colleagues intend to lose no time in striking a blow with their Axe at the slum hovels and cellars in which hundreds of thousands of people are still compelled to live.

They must replace them with houses and flats in which families may rear their children in comfort and decency—and at rents they can afford.

Humanity, not harshness

Next, we have high hopes that these new rulers of London will end the infamous treatment of those who, through no fault of their own, have fallen upon hard times.

For weeks past London has been, for instance, disgraced by a whole stream of cases in which women were tempted to steal food for their children.

We don't want extravagance, but we do want common humanity in the workings of the public assistance system.

Better wages, better health

We know that London's finances are admirably sound. Therefore we hope Mr. Morrison will succeed in his efforts to restore the pay 'cuts' imposed on council employees, teachers and firemen, and thousands more.

We say, too, that the unnecessary "economies" forced upon the council's general hospitals, fever hospitals, and

other health institutions must be abolished.

Such petty savings cause not health but ill-health. "Penny wise and pound foolish" is a policy that has been followed too long in the world's richest city.

Others

We want a lot of smaller reforms that too often have been obstructed by narrow-minded guardians of the Metropolis.

There is the proposal, raised time and again, to start a fleet of water taxis on the Thames' great highway. If it is practicable, why should it not be adopted?

And, while we are talking of highways, let us insist that London's roads should be made safer. We have told before of some of the ways in which this can be done; we say that it must be done and the appalling toll of human life brought down.

Here's to the future!

We want to see the parks improved; we want a great improvement in the condition of our schools; we want better provision for children when they leave school.

We have no political prejudice; we should give our whole-hearted support to any Party which carried out these things.

Well, here is Labour's great chance. Let it be seized by these new county councillors and they will go down to history as London's wisest administrators.

Real menace

We were amused to see that the Oxford Union has charged Mr. Winston Churchill with "constituting a menace to the world. We expect Mr. Churchill was flattered, for few people take him so seriously as that.

The young bloods of the Union would find better material for discussion in the Fascist movement, the treatment of the unemployed and a few other things.

Flirting with death

We find something menacing, too, in the fact that the Air Ministry is still flirting with the idea of airships, despite the lesson of the R101 disaster.

Intensive research work is going on at Cardington, and a high official recently went to make a special study of Zeppelin construction.

We say there have been so many airship tragedies that we should forget this form of aircraft. It just isn't worth its terrible toll of human life.

To him that hath—

And we should like M.P.s to ask questions about the lost opportunities for providing the unemployed with work. We know that these opportunities are being thrown away on every side.

Take one small example—the recent County Council elections. Nearly all the polling clerks were men who did not need the extra money—town hall officials, pensioned ex-policemen, and the like. In at least one case a man was chosen to act as clerk though he was the well-paid secretary to one of the candidates!

Turned away

Were the unemployed given a chance to do a day or two's work and be well

paid for it? Not they! In districts up and down the country they waited a whole day in the vain hope of getting the job, and then they were turned away.

The polling clerk's fee of 25s. would have been a godsend to the out-of-work man, but in nine cases out of ten it went to the man in a cushy job.

Keeping them dry

As for the licensing muddle, we despair of it ever ending.

The latest absurdity is to refuse licences for two proposed public-houses in Norbury, London's driest suburb. So the 16,000 people there will still have to walk a mile or more if they want a drink.

Yet it is said that a club will soon be opened there where people can drink without any sort of supervision!

School for scandal

A great new housing estate near Newcastle must also remain "dry," though more than 2,000 registered voters signed a petition in favour of the proposed public-house.

One of them was the vicar of the parish, who says he prefers "the good fellowship of men at a 'pub' to the evil scandalmongering at the average tea table."

So do we, but the average licensing Bench still seems to regard the tavern as a sink of iniquity and the public as depraved drunkards who must be forcibly kept in check.

The Devil's parish

Fortunately, the Worthing justices have better sense. They have just turned a deaf ear to a very different sort of parson.

This gentleman, opposing a half-hour extension of hours, said he didn't want Worthing "put in line with Brighton, which is a hell by the sea." What rubbish!

Anyway, it doesn't say much for the local clergy if half an hour's drinking turns a town into hell.

Dull and dreary

Nor do we think much of the mentality of the Bristol dictators. They have warned licensees that concerts must not be given in public-houses to the public.

Don't they realise that to keep the public-house dull and dreary merely encourages drinking out of sheer boredom?

We want to see the tavern made a place where husband and wife can go for an hour's entertainment with drinking as a secondary consideration. The Bristol justices may not realise it, but their kind are helping to keep alive the old "gin palace."

Mortal sin—new sort

Equally muddle-headed is the Liverpool City Council, which has sternly refused to allow four hours' boating in the parks on Sunday.

The alderman who defended the proposal said that a great deal of common-sense was needed. We should have thought that only a little was needed.

But apparently the City Council hasn't even a little of it.

Much ado about—

Nor can we find a grain of intelligence in the business at Consett, Durham, when a man was sued for income-tax arrears. He had paid all the tax except 9d., but the summons was granted and he had to pay 8s. 6d. costs.

What is so maddening about these petty cases is that wealthy people who

owe thousands of pounds are allowed to go on owing.

Under- and over-fed

Let us give you another contrast: At Cambridge an undergraduate had to pay 40s. for smashing a café window after a "bump" supper.

A Shoreditch man was given two months' hard labour for damaging a pane of glass and a receiver in a telephone kiosk, which he said he had done because he was hungry.

We make no excuses for the Shoreditch out-of-work man, but we just can't see that his offence was any worse than that of the gilded Cambridge youth.

Too-familiar story

Such cases are all too familiar. So we fear, is that in which a woman appeared at Hampstead Police Court for stealing a bottle of milk.

Her husband had been out of work for two years; she has two children; their public assistance relief has stopped; they faced starvation in their one-room home.

The Hampstead magistrates are kind, fortunately, and the spectators in court had a whip round.

But what a dreadful light that throws on the inhuman dealings of the Public Assistance Committee!

Jest and tragedy

Not less tragic was the wager made by an East End furrier that he would drink two bottles of whisky in two hours.

He died the next day, leaving a wife and eight children.

What irony! In one part of London there is a woman having to steal milk; in another part a foolish fellow drinking himself to death for a wager.

Paying for disease

Talking of milk, why is it that farmers who deliberately sell tuberculous milk are treated so kindly?

A Fife farmer was ordered by an inspector to slaughter a cow suffering from tuberculosis. Yet on the day before it was destroyed he had the audacity to sell its milk for human food. And Cupar Sheriff Court merely fined him £1.

We pay for food and they sell us disease, but that doesn't seem to worry some of our magistrates.

The iron hand

Another sentence that disturbs us is that passed by an Aldershot court martial. A young soldier was charged with stealing a watch and obtaining £1 by fraud. He was given two years' imprisonment.

In a civil court he would probably have got three months—or less.

We know that Army discipline must be kept up, but we see no reason for such extraordinarily harsh treatment.

The fighting mother

But the Southampton justices deserve our thanks, for they are still refusing to hand over little George Jordan to the lunacy bosses.

We have exposed the attempt to throw this son of a war widow into a "certified school" as mentally deficient, and told of the way in which the family has been persecuted.

When Mrs. Jordan appeared on the adjourned summons, taken out by the lunacy authorities for her son's removal, evidence was given that the boy had been "a perfect pupil" at a private school. And the Bench adjourned the case for a further three months.

We wish their example was adopted by justices everywhere. And congratulations to Mrs. Jordan on the fine fight she is putting up for her son.

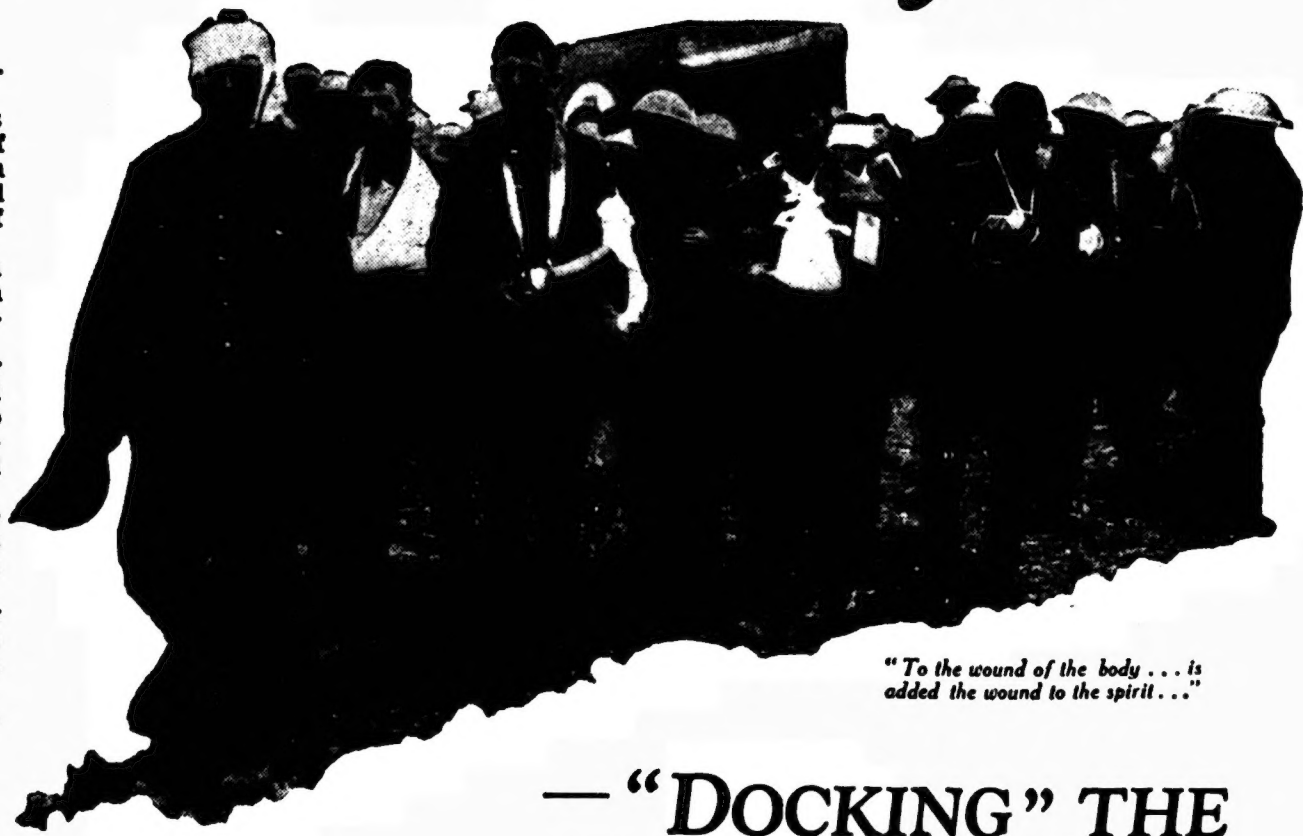
Bright gleam

A little story of the week that pleased us was the bequest of a wealthy bachelor to two little girls with whom he used to talk and play.

He was a cripple, and the children used to call him the "poor gentleman" with sticks. To one he left £50 and a gold purse, to the other £20 and a shawl.

A fine example of mutual sympathy and kindness!

The Great Betrayal



"To the wound of the body . . . is added the wound to the spirit . . ."

THIS year will see the fifteenth anniversary of the Armistice.

The younger generation knows little of the great struggle. Many of the older ones have nearly forgotten it. But there are some men who will never forget, so long as the spark of

life is in them.

I refer to those heroes who escaped death in battle, but were discharged from the Army with ghastly wounds which have impaired their earning capacity ever since.

Many of them would have fared better if our country had not passed through an unparalleled trade slump accompanied by heavy taxes and deep economy cuts. When trade is bad and work-people are discharged it is the partly disabled man who is usually the first to suffer.

To the wound of the body inflicted by the King's enemies is added the wound to the spirit inflicted by the ex-soldier's fellow-countryman who sacks him.

The economy cuts have inflicted yet another wound. The ex-Service man in insured occupation could rely on unemployment pay, as an addition to his disability pension.

I am not referring to the totally disabled men.

These are incapable of working, and the maximum pension of 40s. a week is reckoned to be sufficient to keep them from want. With rigid economy, the totally disabled man can manage to live.

It is the wounded man, whose disability has been judged by the Ministry of Pensions doctors to be such as not to prevent him from doing some work, who suffers the most.

Such a man is below par in any case, and with advancing years he finds it more and more difficult to hold down his job. Twenty-five shillings a week for the loss of half an arm, for instance, is little enough compensation.

As soon as he exhausts his statutory unemployment pay, his uncovenanted benefit, he goes before the Public Assistance Committee and is subjected to a Means Test.

The nation's covenant was that the man who risked all for his country was not to suffer after the war. The Ministry of Labour's covenant is a few paltry weeks' "dole," to which the man has contributed while he could work. Some Public Assistance Committees look upon the ex-Service man with a meagre pension as being in less need of help in his poverty. *Mean test, not Means Test,* would be the better description.

So wound is added to wound!

ALL sources of income coming into the household, including the children's wages when they are working, and the soldier's wound pension, are taken into account, and the sum total is deducted from the transitional benefit paid. The small pension paid by a supposedly grateful country for honourable wounds is reckoned as unearned income and the ex-soldier or sailor is taxed accordingly.

First the wound in battle, then the wound to the fighting man's pride when he is thrown on the industrial scrapheap, and then the wounds, often inflicted unconsciously by the Public Assistance Committees during the inquisitorial examination in the still surviving spirit of the Poor Law!

When the Means Test Act was passed, nothing was laid down on this subject except a general direction that all sources of income were to be taken into consideration. A few Public Assistance Committees ignored disability pensions, others counted only a part. Some committees took the whole pension into consideration, and mulcted the applicant accordingly.

I have one particular case in mind that came to my notice in Hull, which city I represented for



Lord Strabolgi, better known as Commander Kenworthy, is Vice-President of the Hull Branch of the British Legion

by
LORD STRABOLGI

— "DOCKING" THE WOUNDED'S MITE

so many years in the House of Commons, of an ex-soldier who had been so crippled by wounds that he received a final award of 20s. a week.

He has a wife and four children, the little ones too young to go out to work. Their rent is 12s. a week, leaving 8s. a week for the family to live on, but for the unemployment pay.

Because of his pension, this man was only granted transitional benefit of 18s. a week. He thought he was entitled to marry and have children after he left the Army. He was wrong in the eyes of the law. The children born after the war service was over received nothing.

Another case is of a man I know who joined up at the age of sixteen, giving his age falsely to have the privilege of "doing his bit." He served on three battle fronts, was blown up twice, gassed and shot. His wound healed, but his nerves are shattered. After many medical boards he was eventually granted a final award of 10s. a week.

This man suffers acute agony when he goes before the Public Assistance Committee, and is cross-examined, none too sympathetically, about his "means." He looks fit, but he is really a nervous wreck. And the 10s. has been deducted from the relief that would have been given to a fit unemployed man!

An old comrade of mine, who served with me as a bluejacket during the war, left a leg at the Dardanelles. He has never married, and lives with his widowed sister. He got various jobs after the war, and then was sacked. He has since been through a long spell of unemployment.

His pension of 30s. a week has been counted as income under the Means Test, and he has had to try to keep the little home together on 36s. a week. He doesn't complain; but I have seen that fine fellow slowly breaking up under the strain of poverty and disappointment.

THERE was such an outcry about this treatment of disabled warriors by the Public Assistance Committees that in 1932 Parliament passed an emergency Act, laying down that half the wound pension was not to be counted as family income. This was only half a wound, but, added to the others, it inflicted more pain than the enemy's bullets.

In the new Unemployment Insurance Bill that has been under discussion at Westminster it was proposed to make this "half wound" permanent, though we were promised that the Emergency Act was only a temporary measure.

And now, as a result of further pressure, Public Assistance Committees are ordered to ignore the first 20s. of the discharged soldier's pension.

So £1 a week is now the estimate of the value

of the services of a man who risked his life, impaired his earning capacity and, in many cases, injured his health and shortened his life in his country's service!

The children of discharged sailors and soldiers, born after active service ended, are entitled to no special allowances. The younger fighting men naturally waited to marry until the war was over.

These children, until they are old enough to earn, have to be kept on 2s. a week. All attempts to have this allowance raised have, so far, failed.

It is impossible to keep an infant on 3½d. a day. A young child needs its daily pint of milk, apart from anything else and that takes up the whole of the 2s. There is nothing allowed for its clothes and shoes, and its share of rent, coal and light.

What often happens is that the mothers starve themselves, so that the children can have a chance to grow up properly nourished. When the child is old enough to go to school it gets the free meals in most districts, and in some parts of the country, free boots.

But in the early critical years, when the foundations of its future health should be laid, the child is bound to suffer cruelly.

LEARNED doctors talk a lot about vitamins and calories, but I have been into many homes and seen children of men decorated for bravery in the field who needed nothing so much as a good square meal—meat, vegetables, butter, eggs and milk. And this is the land that heroes fought for, to make fit for their children to live in!

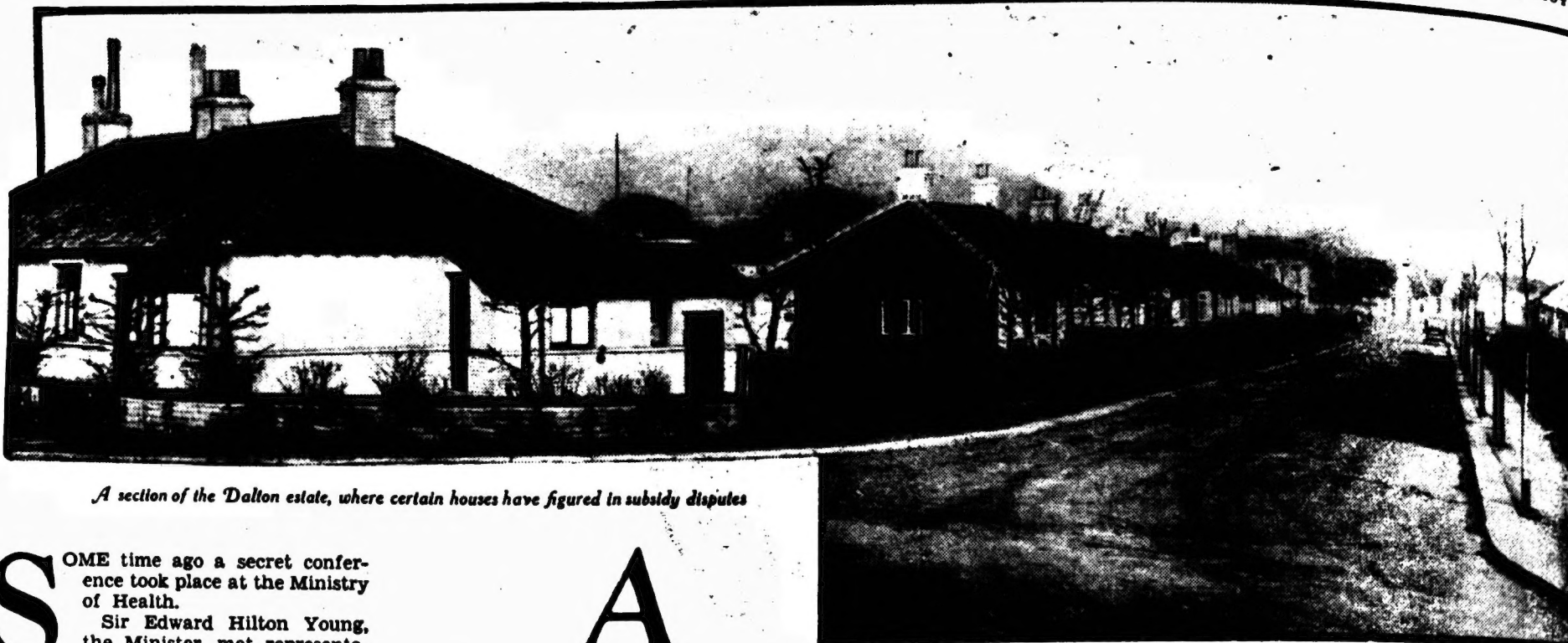
So to the wounds of the war are added the wounds of the slump, the wounds of Public Assistance; and, most agonising of all, the undeserved poverty and hunger inflicted on the ex-soldier's children.

I know one brave fellow whose wife died through poverty. She would be a hale woman to-day if she had had a few simple comforts. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that he envied his comrades who lie buried in those war cemeteries in France. Their wounds were fatal; but they were the only wounds they suffered.

The least a grateful country should do is to insist on the Government granting statutory security to the disabled man's pension.

In any case, the Treasury will be burdened less and less with the survivors of the Great War; many are growing old, and dying off fast.

Can't we see that their remaining years are freed as far as possible from financial anxiety? Why wound again the men who have already been wounded enough?



A section of the Dalton estate, where certain houses have figured in subsidy disputes

SOME time ago a secret conference took place at the Ministry of Health.

Sir Edward Hilton Young, the Minister, met representatives of four bodies which play an important part in municipal life—the County Councils Association, the Association of Municipal Corporations, the Rural District Councils Association, and the Urban District Councils Association.

This conference followed a prolonged enquiry conducted by Ministry officials into certain expenditure incurred by various local authorities.

The object of the conference was to curb extravagant expenditure and effect rigid economy in all forms of municipal administration.

One of the principal questions discussed concerned housing subsidies.

Dissatisfaction

My investigations into abuses of municipal trust have revealed that for a long time past there has been grave dissatisfaction at the Ministry over the manner in which subsidy grants have been handled.

The general opinion is that the money has in many instances gone to trade interests, and not, as was intended, to benefit house-purchasers.

Indeed, some of the money granted by the Government as housing subsidies has in certain cases even gone quite irregularly into the pockets of builders.

Cases have been brought to the notice of the Ministry where builders claimed the subsidy on behalf of house-purchasers, without informing them that this had been done and that they were entitled to the money.

I have discovered an amazing scandal of the type discussed at the secret Ministry of Health Conference, which calls for an immediate and full public enquiry.

Huddersfield, a famous centre of the

A COUNCILLOR who

textile, engineering and chemical industries, is the town over which this scandal hangs.

Many of its 110,000 inhabitants who have heard the rumours that have been whispered around assert that the Huddersfield Council is doing its utmost to hush up some of the things which have been going on.

The main issues involved are of great public interest, and affect particularly a large number of Huddersfield house-holders living in various new housing estates that have been partly developed with the aid of Government subsidies.

During the last few years hundreds of houses have been built in two suburbs of the town, Dalton and Mold Green, by firms of builders in conjunction with the Huddersfield Housing Committee.

Criticism

The principal firm engaged in this work is Fred. Lindley and Company, of Greenhead Lane, Dalton, one of the partners of which is Mr. Herbert Brook.

For a considerable period Mr. Brook sat on the Huddersfield Council, and at the time of some of the happenings I am about to disclose was vice-chairman of the Housing Committee.

That he should have been engaged in local government housing schemes in the dual capacity of committee official and builder is an issue which, quite apart from anything else, has caused

much criticism. My chief revelations concerning Mr. Brook and the firm of Fred. Lindley and Company are of a startling nature.

Nothing less than that in many cases the subsidies paid to this firm for the benefit of the purchasers of the houses it built went, not to the purchasers, but to Fred. Lindley and Company.

Not told

The gravity of this scandal is accentuated by the fact that the sums involved came from the Finance Department of the Council on which Mr. Brook sat, and were paid on the recommendation of the Housing Committee of which he was vice-chairman.

Some of the purchasers of the houses complain that they did not at that time even know they were entitled to the benefit of any subsidy.

The surprise and indignation that was felt when the news leaked out led to several house-purchasers banding themselves together and, after due enquiry, bringing the scandal to the notice of the Council.

At first little attention was paid to their protests, but eventually a deputation secured an interview with the borough architect, at which Mr. Brook was present. Certain documents were demanded for inspection by the deputation, but their request was refused.

It has since come to light that some

of these documents, which had to be filled in when the subsidies were claimed, contain vital information that was inaccurate and misleading.

The position became so unsatisfactory as time went on that the Subsidy Householders' Association, which rapidly grew in membership as more illuminating facts were discovered, decided to approach the town clerk.

He, unfortunately, at the time was too busy with other duties to grant an interview, so legal aid was next sought.

The householders placed their grievances in the hands of a firm of Manchester solicitors, who at once recognised the gravity of the question.

At this stage the town clerk saw the solicitors, and an enquiry at last began in real earnest.

A sub-committee was set up to probe the allegations fully.

Eventually, a representative body of the Householders' Association met the committee of investigation at Huddersfield Town Hall.

It was at once apparent that the members of the committee were very perturbed at the nature of the allegations made.

The subsidy documents I have already mentioned were produced.

One member of the deputation scrutinised the form which had been completed in connection with his own house, and, as he had never signed one—or been given one to sign—was astounded to find one had been submitted in his name!

Probing for the truth

"That is not my signature!" he declared. "I have never signed any form!"

And yet the signature, purporting to be his, had been duly witnessed and signed.

Without it, of course, no subsidy would have been paid.

One of the members of the investigation committee agreed that the scandal was one for the fullest enquiry.

"Give us time to investigate," he said. "and we will report our findings later."

So the Householders' Association was satisfied—for the time being, at any rate. But as time dragged on, the committee adopted a "hush hush" policy in its task of probing for the truth.

Meanwhile the Manchester solicitors carried on with their enquiries on behalf of the householders, and in a letter written to the town clerk of Hudders-

THE TEN-YEAR TICKLE

ONE of the most ingenious schemes for unloading an encyclopædia on an unsuspecting public has been launched in this country.

The beauty of this scheme is that it is directed with the idea of roping in men of scientific training and of professional standing.

Many of them have become subscribers under the clever plan which is being boosted by the British World Research Society, Ltd., of Bush House, Strand, London.

A professional man living at Epsom recently received a letter from the British World Research Society, Ltd., informing him that the directors had "selected" him to receive free of charge a complimentary set of ten volumes of their new encyclopædia.

"Unusual features," added the writer, "are the quarterly supplements which keep the work continually up to date, and the individual research privileges

entitling you to specially compiled data on any particular subject."

In conclusion, the writer urged that his letter should be treated as private and confidential.

The generosity of the British World Research Society, Ltd., was to be kept secret, the idea apparently being to do good by stealth.

The professional man at Epsom had not long to wait for developments. Within a few days a high-powered salesman full of enthusiasm and self-confidence descended upon him.

What happened to the professional man at Epsom has happened to men in similar circumstances in many parts of the country who had been approached in the same way.

Those who unsuspectingly accepted the "gift" of ten volumes found eventually that they had been persuaded to sign order forms for the supply of supplements to the encyclopædia for the next ten years.

The fly in the ointment lies in the fact that the cost of this ten-year service, which amounts to £19 10s., has to be paid in the first year.

Many people who have signed on the dotted line now regret that they were reckless enough to saddle themselves with the responsibility of paying this large sum in advance for supplements that will not be completed until 1944.

One JOHN BULL reader who sent his ten volumes back received a letter in plain terms stating that he must retain his gift.

"Please be good enough to retain the volumes, as their return will in no way affect the validity of your agreement or the state of your account," wrote an official of the society.

From all of which it will be seen that the British World Research Society, Ltd., is determined to be generous, even when the subscriber has second thoughts and wishes to escape from that generosity.

Grave Scandal of Government Housing Funds

IN this remarkable series of exposures our Special Investigator has disclosed many scandals of municipal maladministration.

Here is yet another—revealing this time grave irregularities in the allocation of Government housing subsidies in a famous industrial town.

by Our Special
INVESTIGATOR



Mr. W. Mabane, Liberal M.P. for Huddersfield, "recently joined in the battle" for truth and justice

KEPT IT DARK

field, set out the chief allegations and asked what action he proposed to take. Further correspondence ensued, and finally, four months later, they received a reply which, signed "Samuel Proctor, Town Clerk," contained some staggering admissions.

Broken conditions

Mr. Proctor's letter opened with the statement that the allegations had now been carefully investigated and, with certain exceptions, found to be substantiated.

He admitted that one of the conditions of the grant of subsidies was that the price of each house should not exceed a certain figure, and that the latter was to include the freehold value of the site.

But he added that the subsidy conditions had been broken in certain cases. Then came an astonishing revelation. It was that the builders, Messrs. Fred. Lindley and Company, had since been communicated with and, admitting their liability, had arranged to refund subsidies amounting to £4,800—£75 a house in respect of sixty-four houses.

There was no explanation as to how this breaking of the subsidy conditions came about in the first place or of why the Council ever passed the grants. Nor was anything said as to the grounds on which Lindley and Company, one of whose partners was a councillor sitting on the Housing Committee, ever received this money!

Council's laxity

But the scandal does not end there. For Lindley and Company was not the only firm which had wrongfully obtained public money in this way.

Mr. Proctor admitted in his letter that another firm had been communicated with concerning subsidies paid in connection with other houses that were erected with the approval of the Housing Committee.

Ultimately the Huddersfield Council decided to place all the facts before the Ministry of Health—at least (as Mr. Proctor himself put it on one occasion

in the Council Chamber) all the facts "so far as then ascertained."

A special deputation, in fact, with the town clerk at the head, had attended the Ministry and, in the Council's name, unfolded to high officials there the story of the disquieting discoveries which had arisen entirely through the Council's own laxity.

The result of this interview was that the Huddersfield Council was ordered by the Ministry of Health to continue its investigations, and to take such steps, as were legally advised, to secure a refund of the subsidy in every case where it had been wrongfully obtained.

But even now the promised report of the local investigation is not forthcoming.

When in search for more detailed information, the Householders' Association some months ago asked the town clerk to receive a deputation, he refused.

His excuse was that no good purpose

could be served in the manner suggested, as the whole matter was now in the hands of the Ministry of Health.

A few months ago a brief statement was made, at a Council meeting, that £8,413 had "now been recovered" and that "including further payments, and undertakings to pay by instalments," the total amount it is expected to recover will be in the neighbourhood of £10,000.

Even if this figure represented the full amount that was actually obtained irregularly, it would be bad enough. But my own enquiries enable me to say that the true figure, as will be officially confirmed if a proper public enquiry is held, must be very much higher.

In the absence of detailed information the people of Huddersfield have latterly taken fresh steps to have the matter probed to the limit.

Constantly letters of protest appear in the local newspaper, and repeated demands are being made in other directions, in the hope that something can be done to get the scandal publicly investigated.

Mr. Mabane, M.P. for Huddersfield, recently joined in the battle, and succeeded in obtaining from Sir Edward Hilton Young, the Minister of Health, some illuminating particulars which take the matter a step further.

Mr. Mabane asked Sir Edward to give him some indication of the total sum wrongfully obtained as housing subsidies from the Borough of Huddersfield.

Telling figures

Also, the M.P. asked, how much has so far been recovered?

Just over a fortnight ago Sir Edward gave a most astonishing reply to Mr. Mabane's essential and public-spirited questions.

To date, he admitted, the amount discovered to have been improperly obtained by way of subsidies, and in respect to which there had been breaches of the regulations governing their issue, was £16,775.

Of this, £9,485 "has been" or "is

being" recovered. In addition, some £2,640 had proved to be irrecoverable "by reason of the poverty of the grantees."

In other cases, the Minister of Health admitted, there were "mitigating circumstances," and, that being so, the Borough of Huddersfield Corporation has *wigged* the refund of £4,650.

In view of all these facts the rate-payers of Huddersfield may well be forgiven for feeling disgusted and for pressing for a most searching enquiry.

It is clear beyond doubt that if the Housing Committee, and the Corporation, had administered the Subsidy Acts efficiently the irregularities disclosed could never have occurred.

Much of the ground on which these houses were built is owned by the Corporation, which should never have sponsored the subsidies at all, when one of the principal conditions of their being granted was that the freehold should pass to the purchaser!

The only explanation so far obtained from the Corporation on this point is that at the time the houses were built the rush was so great, and their officials so overworked, that the urgent questions now under review somehow escaped attention!

And, remember, it was not by any means due to the astuteness of the Council that the discovery of these grave irregularities was brought about, but solely to the public-spirited action of the Householders' Association.

A lesson

But for the association's persistence in demanding an investigation, the public money spent in these irregular subsidies would probably still be in the hands of the people who had no right to it.

I would direct the Minister of Health's attention to the fact that the people of Huddersfield will not be satisfied until this matter has been thoroughly thrashed out.

I hope that, whatever the outcome of the Huddersfield scandal may be, it will have taught the Council a lesson.

It has been declared in public by prominent local citizens that thousands of people feel that it ought to have been impossible for the builders to have received these subsidies in the circumstances.

Well, when public money is handled in the fashion I have shown, the rate-payers are certainly entitled to speak their minds!

The need for a searching public investigation into all the questions this article raises was never more apparent.

I hope now that it will be no longer deferred.

Homely Wisdom—

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

THE public heart was wrung not long ago by what came out at the inquest on a poor woman who had put her head in a gas oven because she was driven to desperation by her inability to find bread for her children.

I suppose her distracted thought must have been that the State would take care of her children if the burden of her own maintenance were removed.

Certainly the immediate result of her death was to put them beyond want; for, when the doctors who examined her body reported that she had been starving herself for the children's sake, a great wave of compassion rolled towards the afflicted family from every part of the kingdom.

Human nature is selfish and blind, but there is a great store of brotherly kindness ready to be drawn upon in every community if only it can be directed into useful channels. The sad fact is that it is apt to be taken advantage of for selfish reasons and to run to waste for lack of vision.

The case above-mentioned does not stand alone. A man wrote to me recently from a city in the north telling me of the crucifixion he has been undergoing for

years, and which has reached its climax in the death of his beloved wife.

He said: "It is the simple truth that she died of starvation; she gave to her little ones what was badly needed for her own nourishment. When I think of what has happened to me and mine since the war I often regret that, instead of sticking it out in the trenches for tenpence a day, I did not manage to behave like others, who got themselves enrolled in sheltered occupations at twenty or thirty times the wage."

Can anyone be surprised at the bitterness of this outburst? There must be a smouldering fire in this man's heart and brain; and there are thousands who feel exactly as he does.

Reader, are you of this troubled company? You may not be in actual want, but do you never get weary of the incessant strain to keep going and do all that is expected of you? Do you know what it is to go about your daily task in constant apprehension of breaking down?

More of your neighbours are included in that category than you dream of. There are multitudes of people feeling daily that they have almost reached the limit of endurance and yet have to keep

on because so much depends upon them that they dare not give way.

They are haunted by the shadow of fear and are never wholly free from it for a moment—fear less for themselves than for others. A little hope would make all the difference to the spirit in which they strive, but there is not much to hope for in their lot, especially if they are getting old.

A word of cheer to all of you whom life is treating so. You are not as lonely as you think nor as devoid of resource. Nearly everybody you know is fighting a hard battle; you would be surprised if you could learn the truth about persons who do not seem to care whether you live or die.

Draw near to them; share thoughts with them; don't shut yourself up in a prison of solitude and doleful dreads. Don't eat your heart out in silence and gloom; there is a refreshing magic in smiles and friendship. And, more than all, there is a fathomless depth of divine power within your own breast, waiting to be drawn upon, which is stronger than all that threatens to crush you.

You have a right to joy; reach out the hand of faith and make it yours.

SOCIAL HEALING

Let
846



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DIANA NAPIER

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tell you...

JOAN
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"Smooth, youthful skin" . . . screen stars must have it! . . . and must keep it! That's why Lux Toilet Soap has become essential to the stars. It holds youth and beauty in the skin! Because it does this, 846 of the leading 857 stage and screen stars made it the official beauty soap in all of the great studios.

Lux Toilet Soap will do for you what it has done for Adrienne Ames, and hundreds of other lovely stars. Have that skin loveliness you see on the screen! Hold youth and beauty in your skin!

Lux Toilet Soap costs no more than ordinary soaps. Gives a luxurious lather which thoroughly cleanses the pores of the skin. A pure white tablet, delicately perfumed, daintily wrapped. Buy Lux Toilet Soap from your grocer or dealer. Use it regularly. For the bath and shampoo as well.

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"It's very simple," say these lovely stars, "use Lux Toilet Soap regularly! That's our secret! We find it essential to perfect complexion beauty. It keeps skin as we must have it: smooth, flawlessly clear and always youthfully attractive. There is only one thing you must remember — use it regularly!"

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Adrienne Ames says:
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Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to RICHARD SICKERT (the new R.A.)

The Crowd is Good Enough

for

YOU

DEAR RICHARD SICKERT,—I hope that is right, now. For years you were Walter Sickert. Then you became Richard Sickert.

Really, of course, you are Walter Richard Sickert. I suppose the secret is that Walter Sickert is one artist, and Richard Sickert is the other. For there are certainly two Sickerts—the one who plays about with his paint while he is doing it, and the very serious one who, every now and then, makes the rest of the Royal Academy look very sick.

Which is the one that will live?

I wandered, not many months ago, into the Leicester Galleries, and I saw there a one-man show, a series of pictures, for the subjects of which you had gone to the old-time work of black-and-white artists. You had delved into the old bound volumes of illustrated papers, not only *Punch* and the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*, but *Bow Bells* and *London Society*. And you had made of the old-time engravings you found there new pictures that lived afresh.

Never before had such a thing been done by any artist.

I should not have thought it possible for anyone to resurrect the past so that it showed us not merely a skeleton, but abundant life in all its humours and its contrasts.

Of all the artists of our time—yes, and that includes Augustus John and Jacob Epstein and the closing days of Charles Sims—you are the most daring experimentalist.

You once shocked over-respectable folk in Glasgow by painting King George as what he is—a man!

You not only do not consider cheap

steel engravings beneath your notice. You have honoured the Press photographer. Most artists despise him. You have paid tribute to his work.

I remember seeing, in the Beaux Arts Gallery, a picture of the King talking to Major Fetherstonhaugh, the manager of his racing stable at Aintree. It was copied from a Press photograph, and it said so—and in large red letters that occupied a quarter of the canvas! Most artists despise photography. You honoured it.

More than once you have done this sort of thing. It is typical of the breadth of your mind and the boundless extent of your humanity.

For you, of all the artists of our generation—no, you have survived a generation of your own—are the Anti-Snob, the Anti-Humbog and the generous, kindly friend.

I remember, too, going once into the Royal Academy, and seeing there a very large painting. It was called "The Raising of Lazarus." Its size alone might have called attention to it. But it was not the size. It was its genius that arrested every eye.

"That must be bought by the Chan-



trety Bequest," said discerning people. "The nation must own it."

No, the Chantrey Bequest did not buy it for the nation. They did not even consider buying it.

It was the greatest picture in that year's Royal Academy.

What did you do with it? You gave it to Sadler's Wells, so that it could

be sold to benefit London's struggling serious drama.

You were quite frank, too, about your reason.

"It is in adoration for my perpetual memory of Samuel Phelps," you said, "and my gratitude to Isabel Bateman, of whose Sadler's Wells Company I myself was a utility member."

A utility member used to play any small part that came along. He was often given various names, one for each part.

Perhaps you were Richard Sickert in one act and Walter Sickert in the next.

Yes, and in those days, as you have confessed, you used to paint spots on the legs of the actors and actresses to match the colour of their tights, when they had grown moth-eaten. Those were the days before snobbery began to ruin the Stage.

It was Sadler's Wells, too, to which you gave your fee for painting Nigel Playfair's presentation portrait.

It was in the Old Vic where you painted one of your best recent works. And it was to help pay off the Old Vic's debt that you gave the money for which it was sold.

* * *

Already two cities claim that you were born in them—Munich and Leeds.

The truth is that you are linked both with Germany and Denmark in blood, and with France, where you studied with Degas, by your training. But you are a citizen of the world.

And even to-day, when you are acknowledged as a world genius, you live in "my shabby little house," as you call it, in Islington. You once lived in Whitechapel. You have lived in Camden Town. You still live among the people.

You can often be seen in the Caledonian Market mixing with the crowds. Mixing with the crowds has always been your delight, as your paintings of the old music-halls—"glories of art," these pictures are—still remind us.

You are a Whistler and a Degas in one body.

And yet, while you have now honoured the Royal Academy by consenting to become an R.A., you are not only still working to break down its snobbery and its exclusiveness, you not only demand recognition for the young and unknown, you remain a great democrat in sympathy, one of the ordinary people of England.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK,

Bishophorpe, York

YOUR GRACE,—Your plea that the Restoration of cuts in unemployment pay should come before concessions to income-tax payers echoes the demand I have made time and again.

Most M.P.s agree with that demand. Those Members who have expressed resentment at your "unprecedented appeal to the electorate to bring pressure upon M.P.s" can be ignored.

Keep the flag flying—and we shall force the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give way.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN,

Lord President of the Council

DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—You did well to broadcast a message to schoolchildren that civil war would be the only result of either Fascism or Communism gained power in Britain.

That is the plain truth that no one should be allowed to forget.

People everywhere, as you say, are looking to this country as the last stronghold of freedom. I am convinced that they will not look in vain.

JOHN BULL.

GEORGE PENFOLD,

Heathfield, Sussex

BEAST.—When it had been attracted to the kennel of your own dog, you caught a neighbour's dog in two steel traps. Then you took a cudgel and beat it to death.

The chairman of the Hailsham Bench gave you six weeks' hard labour for this foul deed, describing it as the most horrible and brutal the Bench had ever had to deal with.

I wish someone had taken a dozen cudgels to you.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM WOOD,

Ex-Police Constable, Exeter City

DEAR WOOD,—Your sturdy spirit wins my admiration. Rather than admit a debt which you maintain you do not owe, you are prepared to go to prison.

I have enquired into the circumstances of your case and I know that you feel that you are fighting for the right.

Prison rather than accept a wrong; that is the straight line you take. You should have the sympathy and support of all your fellow-citizens, as you have mine.

JOHN BULL.

LORD HEWART,

Lord Chief Justice

MY LORD,—Old George Foster, seventy-two years of age, and with previous convictions, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for housebreaking. But in the Court of Criminal Appeal you reduced this to six months' hard labour because Foster had made a remarkable effort to retrieve his past.

Justice could go no farther than this.

JOHN BULL.

THOMAS DAGOSTINO,

H.M. Prison, Manchester

ROCUE.—"Robbing a baby of its bottle" is said to be the meanest form of theft. But you are equally mean—for you specialised in stealing the bicycles of unemployed men from outside the employment exchange and the Means Test office.

The Bench showed an admirable sense of justice in sending you to jail for three months.

JOHN BULL.

SAMUEL OVERTON,

Mansfield, Notts

OVERTON,—That you cannot read and can only barely sign your name doesn't

alter the fact that you wilfully drew unemployment benefit when, all the time, you were working at Ollerton Colliery. Added to that, you plead you acted in ignorance!

The amount involved was over £15. The fine of £20, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment, should act as a deterrent to mean specimens of humanity like you.

JOHN BULL.

JANE CRUICKSHANK,

Portland Street, Liverpool

SHARK.—You were summoned for practising as a moneylender without a licence, but I could have framed the charge in much stronger terms.

Selling food at high prices, you also lent money to poor women at a rate of interest of 430 per cent. If they got behind with their payments you terrorised them.

You were too lucky in escaping with a fine of £10.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILFRED A. BARKER,

Norwich

DEAR WILFRED,—Of course it was wrong of you to start a rival "B.B.C." in Norwich with your own wireless transmitting set. But if you annoyed the authorities you tickled the public, and for a youth of nineteen you showed both brains and enterprise.

I'm glad that a London radio firm is going to give you a chance to use both in more orthodox channels, and I hope you'll make a success of it.

JOHN BULL.

JAMES MACMARA HILL,

Birmingham

HILL.—Posing as a policeman, you terrified a woman by telling her you had been ordered to watch her conduct. The prosecution declared that your

object was undoubtedly to force money from your victim.

Whatever your motive, you behaved like a blackguard. So blackguardly that had I been on the Bench I should have fined you a good deal more than £3.

JOHN BULL.

Sir DENNIS HERBERT,

Deputy-Speaker, House of Commons

DEAR SIR,—Your enforced silence in the House of Commons is irksome to you and you often wish you could give expression to some of your feelings.

Don't worry about not being able to talk. You'll do as well in silence as many speaking Members of the House do with unlimited vocabularies. Most of 'em talk for the sake of talking and achieve little.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HILTON YOUNG,

Minister of Health

DEAR SIR HILTON,—Red Roses is the name of a village—and a very pretty one. Its glory fades, though, on reading that its sole source of water is a well used by tramps in which to wash themselves!

Quite rightly, Red Roses is asking for a better supply. I hope you'll help the village to deserve its name.

JOHN BULL.

LORD WILLINGDON,

Viceroy of India

MY LORD,—The Maharajah of the Senior State of Dewas says he is going to starve to death. And all because he has been ordered to return to his country to "restore the shattered financial condition to which he had reduced it."

Let him be told that his diet is nobody's affair but his own.

JOHN BULL.

THE STRONGHOLD OF THRIFT



THE PRUDENTIAL

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CHIEF OFFICE: HOLBORN BARS · LONDON · E.C.1

Extracts from

THE EIGHTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT

YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER 1933

ORDINARY BRANCH

New Sums Assured	-	-	-	-	£23,535,649
Total Sums Assured and Bonus	-	-	-	-	£225,365,337
Premiums Received	-	-	-	-	£13,183,053
Payments to Policyholders	-	-	-	-	£12,034,587
Policyholders' Share of Profits	-	-	-	-	£2,375,306

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH

New Sums Assured	-	-	-	-	£62,228,739
Total Sums Assured and Bonus	-	-	-	-	£520,023,087
Premiums Received	-	-	-	-	£19,514,073
Payments to Policyholders	-	-	-	-	£12,440,451
Policyholders' Share of Profits	-	-	-	-	£3,814,579

GENERAL BRANCH

Premiums Received	-	-	-	-	£2,720,719
Payments to Policyholders	-	-	-	-	£1,174,715

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS IN 1933 **£25,649,753**

TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED **£277,000,000** | TOTAL CLAIMS PAID EXCEED **£432,000,000**

COPIES OF CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH AND DIRECTORS' REPORT SENT ON APPLICATION

B.B.C. REVOLT

—the Truth



Sir John Reith—
"A 'masterful
gent' who treads on
many toes"

by A. G. Gardiner

BROADCASTING has come to play so large a part in our lives that we need to keep a constant and vigilant eye upon those who control it for us.

I do not complain, therefore, of the ceaseless fire of criticism directed at the Olympians of Broadcasting House. They need to know that the public has a watchful eye on them and that if they do not mind their "p's" and "q's" they will be swiftly brought to book. But the public must watch the critics as well as the criticised. All sorts of people with an axe to grind or a cause to preach are anxious to get hold of this powerful instrument for influencing opinion, and if they are blue-pencilled they call the heavens to witness that Broadcasting House is a tyranny that should be razed to the ground.

Take the case of the "surprise item" which Mr. William Ferrie provided the other night. He had been invited to reply to Sir Herbert Austin in a series of talks on "Modern Industry and National Character," and, like everybody else, had submitted what he had to say for revision.

Merely silly

Cuts were made in it which Mr. Ferrie presented, but he did not withdraw the paper and refuse to go to the microphone.

He left it to be supposed that he would fulfil his engagement, and seems to have gone away and arranged for publication in the Press. Later he returned to the microphone to tell his millions of hearers that he had been censored, would not give his talk, and had arranged for its appearance in the newspapers.

If the feelings of his hearers were anything like my own, their sympathies were not with Mr. Ferrie but with the B.B.C. If his object was to create a sensation he succeeded, but he had not played the game either with the B.B.C. or the public, and his pose as a man with a grievance is merely silly. It is suggested that there is to be no

it which they thought it expedient not to give. And if there must be some authority in a newspaper office to say what shall not be printed, still more must there be some authority at Broadcasting House to say what shall not be broadcast.

Baby talk

It may be ill done or well done, but someone must be responsible for seeing that libels are not uttered and the decencies of reasonable controversy are preserved.

Enough of Mr. Ferrie. Let us turn to Mr. Oliver Baldwin, who is also on the warpath against the B.B.C.

His grievance relates to the severity of the rule at Broadcasting House. He

supervision of what anyone chooses to broadcast? Is there an editor of any newspaper in the country who would dare to surrender the right to blue-pencil his contributor's "copy"? If he did, he would be speedily in trouble with the law as well as with his readers.

Suppose that in this article I took the opportunity (in a moment of madness) to say that Mr. MacDonald was a notorious card-sharper or that Mr. Baldwin was a drug addict—would the editor let such gross libels pass? Of course he would not.

I do not suggest that Mr. Ferrie said things of this sort, but it would not surprise me to learn that the newspapers which published his talk found passages in

calls it Prussianism and Trenchardism and red-tab-ism and other harsh names.

If he is late for his talk (he is the critic of the films) he is actually expected to go to a man at a desk and have a page to take him to the studio, "although I know the studio and know I could get there in time." And he warns us that as soon as he is free he means to tell the world all about the wickedness and high-handedness at Broadcasting House.

I hope he will have something more important to tell us than the baby talk he published last week. I have no doubt there are plenty of defects in Sir John Reith's iron rule and plenty of real grievances that ought to be exposed and remedied.

He is a "masterful gent.," and probably treads on many toes in the course of a day. But do not let us forget this—we have the finest broadcasting service in the world, and we should not have had that if there had not been a powerful mind and a masterful will in control of so vast and intricate a business.

Ideal solution

And this brings me to the other line of attack on Broadcasting House. It is that the whole basis of the institution is wrong. There ought to be free trade and free competition in the air, says my individualist friend, Sir Ernest Benn.

There ought to be Government control, says his collectivist foe.

I think they are both wrong, and that in adopting a system which is a compromise of the two extremes we have got the ideal solution. Can we imagine the British people sitting down nightly to be spoon-fed by the Government as the unhappy Russians and Germans and Italians are?

If we had a dictatorship we should, of course, have to submit to it, or cease to listen at all.

We should have the dictator's messages on the breakfast table in the

morning, and we should have the dictator's minions telling us what we had to think in the evening.

We should become the dumb, driven cattle that the Germans have become under Hitler, the Russians under Stalin and the Italians under Mussolini. We should have no choice.

But while we have the good sense to be free we shall not tolerate any Government enslaving either the Press or the air, and turning them into propagandist agencies.

Nor, on the other hand, should we be wise to hand this great power over to the exploitation of private enterprise. The experience of France and America is a sufficiently deadly warning on that point.

"Hideous desecration"

Broadcasting in those countries is a competition between rival patent medicine advertisers and cigarette advertisers and soap advertisers. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is sandwiched between the praise of somebody's hair-oil and hymns to somebody else's lipstick and cosmetics.

Do we want that hideous desecration of the air here?

We are, happily, under the tyranny neither of the advertiser nor of the Government.

The air belongs to the nation and the B.B.C. is our servant.

There is just enough Government authority in the background to prevent gross misuse of the power, but within the widest possible limits there is no interference with the administration. Its business is to amuse, entertain and inform us, and, so far as the discussion of public affairs is concerned, to preserve a fair field and show no favour. It gives all sides and leaves Party propaganda to the Press, which is its right place.

Let's keep it!

I have, as most of us have, a multitude of disagreements with its conduct in detail; but taken in the large, it is the most successful system that could be devised.

Let us by all means nag at it and criticise it. That is our right and even our duty.

But do not let the Government lay its hands on it or the advertiser drag it in the mud.

Not from the B.B.C.—Dr. Elmer Best, of Minneapolis, on—

I AM not a chappie
Who's made very happy
By classical concerts and such;
Some tunes quite a few know
From Mozart and Gounod
Have never appealed to me much;
And, therefore, I am not made merry at all
By the statement that in their foul
lairs
All up-to-date dentists may shortly instal
A new form of musical chairs!

They claim that a ditty,
Some tune sweetly pretty
That drawing-room vocalists trill,
Will make the most fretful
Of patients forgetful
Of anything done with a drill!
But somehow I cannot believe this is
true;
And so if, to those that exist,
My dentist endeavours to add a brand-
new
Form of torture, I'll firmly resist!

Let me say, here and now, that the author of the rhyme you have just heard approaches this new blessing in the wrong frame of mind.

As the discoverer of the charms possessed by music for soothing the shattered nerves of dentists' victims, I claim to know what I am talking about. In the musical chair that I have invented my patients sit unmindful of drills, probes and forceps.

DITTIES for DENTISTS

As I explained to the Chicago Dental Society, the music is transmitted from a cabinet, through the dental chair, to amplifiers pressing against the patient's mastoid bones behind the ear.

I have been asked if I find some tunes more efficacious than others, wags having enquired whether "The Song That Reached My Heart" has a notably tranquillising effect at the moment when the probe reaches the patient's favourite nerve, and whether a nautical ditty, with the refrain, "A long pull, boys, and a strong pull, lads," is welcome while an extraction is in progress?

Although it is early to dogmatise, it will probably be found that lullabies and dreamy waltz tunes are the most soothing. Hot jazz or the noisier passages from Rowdyfak's "Symphony in Asia Minor" are not to be recommended.

The person who actively dislikes music may, of course, prefer the gentle hum of the drill to the noises made by a symphony orchestra, and a sentimentalist might well be reduced to hysteria through being reminded by a soprano with a corrugated tremolo that "There's no place like home."

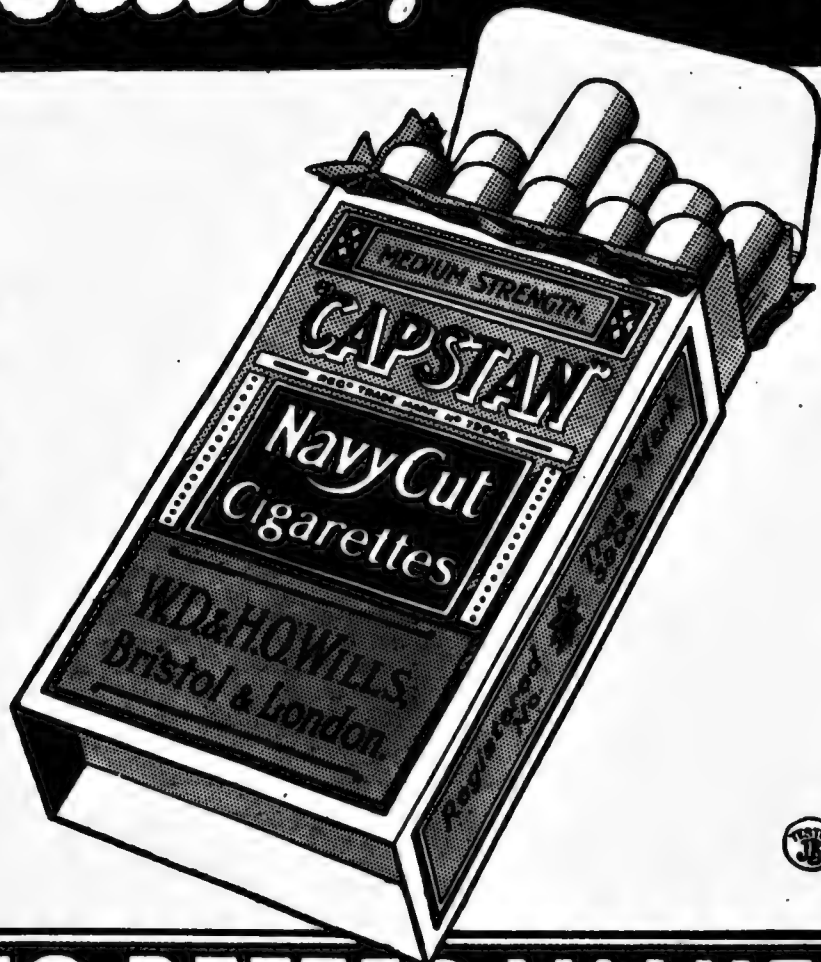
But a tactful dentist would no more think of putting on the wrong melody

than of pulling out the wrong molar. He will be careful that the patient who arrives with toothache does not leave with earache.

Certain it is that music, rightly administered, can produce wonderful results. In fact, in time it may take the place of gas and become a joyful accompaniment to various operations which were once considered unpleasant

Yip-i-addy-i-ay-i-ay!
I'm seeing my dentist to-day!
And I don't care what may happen to me
If he but plays me that sweet melody!
Yip-i-addy-i-ay-i-ay!
The sight of his chair makes me gay!
The touch of his drill
Gives an exquisite thrill!
Yip-i-addy-i-ay!

Yip-i-addy-i-ay-i-ay!
Cows, agriculturists say,
Give bigger yields when to music
they're milked,
So if the taxpayer has to be bilked—
Yip-i-addy-i-ay-i-ay!
Make it a pleasure to pay
Five bob in the pound
To that joy-making sound,
Yip-i-addy-i-ay!

10 FOR 6^D20 FOR 11¹/₂^DPlain or
Cork-Tipped**THERE'S NO BETTER VALUE**

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C.C.437

BEWAREof
Skin
Ills!
USE

Many minor skin troubles, if neglected, may become serious. At the first sign of redness, roughness, itching, burning, pimples, rashes or eczema start using Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. Bathe with the Soap and hot water, dry gently and anoint with the Ointment. Note how quickly your skin is soothed and restored to a healthy condition.

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Disinfects the room.

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safely ends
the
discomfort
and danger
of a cold in
the head**

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YOUR
SKIN
BLEMISHES**

Creams may fill up enlarged pores, and powder cover up pimples, spots, eruptions, etc., but nothing can equal the charm of a naturally spotless complexion. Don't put a mask over your blemishes; cleanse the disfigured skin with D.D.D. Brand Prescription, a sure cure for all skin troubles. Apply this soothing liquid and the skin is quickly cleared of blemishes and eruptions, and the old tissues are replaced by the faultless complexion you have always longed to have. Buy a 1/8 bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to-day—of all Chemists.

FREE. Send a postcard to-day for a liberal free trial bottle. D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.10., Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

**D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION
FOR SKIN HEALTH**

Thomas Quinn with the megaphone
he uses at his séances



Spiritualist KNAVE Unmasked

SOMETHING in the nature of a Spiritualist "wonder man" has descended on Lancashire.

At least that must be the case if the declarations of a number of serious devotees of Spiritualism in Liverpool can be accepted at their face value.

Or is it, perhaps, that certain sections of the residents in that city are more than usually gullible?

The practitioner to whom we would divert attention in this connection is a man calling himself Thomas Quinn.

He is at present holding public séances and private consultations at 95, Townsend Lane, Anfield, Liverpool, which is also the headquarters of a weekly newspaper, *The Practical Spiritualist Gazette*.

Quinn claims to be a direct-voice medium, and according to published statements, he has produced most remarkable results at his sittings.

Spreading fame

How thoroughly his reputed manifestations have been accepted is indicated by an account printed in a recent number of *The Practical Spiritualist Gazette*, describing a séance, under what were said to be test conditions.

Eleven people, including the representatives of three Spiritualist churches in Liverpool, sat with Thomas Quinn, and were deeply impressed, apparently, by what they heard in the way of spirit messages through a megaphone from "Danny"—the Irish spirit guide of the medium.

At the close of the séance the following declaration was signed by all those attending:—

"Every possible precaution was taken to prevent any possibility of deception on the part of the Liverpool direct-voice medium, Mr. Thomas Quinn, and it gives us great pleasure in testifying that the phenomena produced through him were absolutely genuine."

Now Quinn is reaping the advantage of this testimonial. His meetings are crowded and his other professional engagements are many.

He has gathered around him a band of ardent believers, and works with a "committee," the members of which regulate his séances.

In addition, he contributes articles to *The Practical Spiritualist Gazette*, and receives payment for his services from his "committee."

Official recognition has thus been

accorded him. His fame is spreading. So it is obvious that Thomas Quinn must be doing excellently in the way of financial reward for his mediumship.

Yet the truth is that the public is being grievously imposed upon.

From investigations we have made, we can unmask the man as a sham and a fraud.

His present game of bluff must not be allowed to continue, for his personal record will not bear inspection. He is a thief and has been convicted several times.

In the particular interest of the people of Liverpool and to the general advantage of the Spiritualist movement, we feel it our duty to reveal Thomas Quinn in his true colours, and to give a plain account of his recent life.

We have been able to trace his career of deception back to an occasion, three years ago, when he thrust his way among the Spiritualists of London.

For reasons which will be apparent later, he then chose to pass as "Mr. Thomas Jordan," and established himself at Ilford, Essex.

Blasphemous hypocrisy

About this time an interview with "Thomas Jordan" appeared in one of the leading Spiritualist publications, and it was said of him: "He freely answers the questions one may put to him, and it is easy to convince oneself of his absolute sincerity. We liked his unassuming manners, his frankness and humility."

Witness, too, what Mr. "Jordan" was reported to have said in that interview:—

"I am a Christian Spiritualist, and I wish to keep the phenomena on the highest plane possible, for I realise that these manifestations come from Christ."

These words should be borne in mind,

for they indicate the blasphemous hypocrisy of "Thomas Jordan," alias Thomas Quinn.

For quite a while "Thomas Jordan" carried on successful Spiritualist propaganda at Ilford. He lived in rooms at a house in Chester Road, where séances were held, and for each of the sittings the medium received payment.

One of his most whole-hearted supporters was a wealthy Frenchman who was lavish in his financial assistance. "Jordan" then used a fine motor-car, driven by a uniformed chauffeur, and paid visits to Paris.

Denounced

But his séances were not always successful. There was an uncomfortable incident once, when a woman entered the room and denounced the medium as a faker.

That, however, did not interfere to any extent with this impostor's progress.

He next moved to Santa Claus Hall, Ilford, and started sittings which attracted considerable audiences and publicity.

By this time he had become rather an important person in his "profession." The local newspapers were writing about him at length, and he was naturally progressing in consequence.

But the climax to his Ilford adventure was at hand. An investigator was sent to one of his sittings to make strict observation.

In a completely darkened room, with "Thomas Jordan" as the medium, the voice trumpet floated around in the most mysterious fashion, and endless "spirit messages" came through from "Danny," the spirit control—the same control, be it noted, that figures in the present Liverpool campaign.

Without warning, an electric torch was switched on, and there was "Thomas Jordan" holding the trumpet to his lips and whispering through it!

Of course, he denied that he had ever touched the trumpet and protested that the whole affair was a mistake, but of the real fact that the medium was detected in a scandalous trick there is no reasonable doubt.

"Jordan" afterwards issued a challenge that he was willing to submit himself to any kind of test to prove that he had not engaged in trickery, but when the challenge was taken up he failed to make good his undertaking.

After he had been unmasked in this startling fashion, he staged a temporary fade-out from spiritualistic circles.

But he reappeared rather discreditably at the Stratford Police Court under the name of Thomas James Quinn,

charged on a warrant with stealing a 10s. note. He had been arrested in South Wales.

For that offence he was convicted and fined, his plea that he had only "borrowed" the money, and always intended to pay it back, being of no avail.

Evidence showed that Quinn had six previous convictions.

Now, within six months of being sentenced for theft at Stratford, we find Thomas Quinn in Liverpool, starting his game of bluff all over again and working once more as a medium for payment.

His effrontery in choosing Liverpool as the place of his operations passes understanding. For it was at Liverpool that he suffered his most unpleasant encounter with authority.

This was four years ago, when he was sentenced at the Quarter Sessions to twenty-one months' hard labour for stealing various articles from two women and for fraudulent conversion.

Quinn was then described as a cook, twenty-eight years of age.

In this case he had persuaded two women to buy a house and let him have rooms for his séances.

He was to pay them 30s. a week as rent but never did so. From one of the women he borrowed £60 and only repaid £10 of the loan.

At a séance, one of the women was told by a "spirit voice" that she must go to Australia. She did so, conveniently leaving Quinn in charge of the house during her absence!

This trip to Australia, which naturally turned out to be a fool's errand, cost the woman dupe £150.

Women victims

Quinn was most scathingly denounced by the Recorder.

"It is a long time," he was told, "since I have heard more reckless and impudent perjury than you committed."

"With regard to the offences with which you have been convicted, you apparently got rid of one of the women to enable you the better to swindle the other."

"Then you put one to the expense of more than £100 to go out to Australia, while you, according to the police, turned the house into a brothel."

In addition to convictions for theft, Quinn has been punished for using indecent language, and for disorderly behaviour.

This, then, is the man who is now posing as a genuine spiritualist medium in Liverpool. And this also is the man who has declared:—

"I wish to keep the phenomena on the highest plane, for I realise that the power for these manifestations comes from Christ."

Was there ever a more disgraceful and despicable humbug than Thomas James Quinn, alias Thomas Jordan?

Throughout his life he has made a practice of using women as his unfortunate dupes. He lives on his wits in the most unpleasant manner.

For the credit of Liverpool we hope that, after these revelations, a summary end will be brought to the séances of this dishonest medium.

A Smell of Burning . .

IT was a night when the family least wanted anything to go wrong—for Dad was away. Misfortune always has greater terrors when there is no man in the house to help meet it.

But there it was, right in the dead of night: an unmistakable smell of burning!

The first act of the absent husband's wife was to rouse their two children and get them to a place of safety.

Then there was the task of rallying help to put out a blazing sitting-room in which the furniture was already well alight.

Bad news for the husband when he

returned, but not as bad as it might have been.

For he remembered a wise precaution he had taken at no cost to the family. Merely a signature on a form such as you will find now if you turn to page 42 was all that had been required.

The result was a cheque that put a different complexion on the disaster.

And JOHN BULL was able to file away among the thousands of letters it receives one which said there would have been no other way of replacing the furniture if JOHN BULL had not shown such kindness, and adding: "It is splendid the way you have responded to us in our time of trouble."

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MEN'S TAN GRAY SHOES for hiking, with studded rubber or leather soles. Wonderful shoes for comfort and wear. Genuine offer only 5/6 pair, post 2d. All sizes and half-sizes. LADIES: Our new lines of summer sandals, tie and one bar, also Sahara, now ready. High or low heels, in blue, tan, beige, black and white, and all white, 5/- pair, post 2d. Write 5/11.—Lunn's, Shoe Specialists, Chertion, Folkestone.

SIT IN COMFORT! For 5/- you can obtain the NEWMATIK Cushion. It is filled with Sponge Rubber, making it permanently soft and resilient. Full description and illustration appears in advt. of Fielding & Co. on p. 3.

WATER BUTTS for Rainwater and CASKS for Wine, fitted with wooden taps, also Garden Tubs. Buy these cheaply direct from Farnwells Coopers. The advt. on p. 3 will interest you.

ALL KINDS of Portable Buildings on Easy Terms are supplied by Messrs. G. Albert & Co., whose advertisement appears head of p. 3.

YOU HIGHCO STORES

and also

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BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 21d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, W.1.

WOOLS 1d. oz. Ping, 11d. Marla 11d. Bk. 6-ply Rug, 9d. 1/-, 1/3 lb. coils. 1/6. Samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd., Dept. 71, N/C-Tyne.

CARNIVAL GOODS. Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers, send for free bargain list, "Uneduced," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

CHINA, 48 Cups & Saucers, 4/-. Crates of Cups, Saucers, Plates, Jugs, Teapots, 10/- Glass, Hardware, 1,000 Dinner Sets free. Coloured Catlg. & instructor, worth 2s, FREE.—Bridge St. Pottery, Dept. 9, Burslem.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 21d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons. List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 225, Mile End Road, LONDON.

BRITISH non-combining WALLPAPER from 21d. Latest designs now ready.—Write for free book, Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

PEACH'S 1934 CATALOGUE FREE. Curtains, Pans, No's, Casements, Pelmetts, Grottoes, Muslins, Linens, DIRECT LOOM PRICES.—S. Peach & Sons, Ltd., 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

TENTS 9/- to 3 gns. Also Bell Tents for Hire. Send for 40-page Catlg. of Camping & Hiking Equipment.—Nuttall, 30, Goodmayes, ILFORD.

ALARM CLOCK GENUINE BARGAIN. The beautiful ROUSSEAU REPEATER loud-ring clock, concealed bell giving handsome appearance. Real high-grade quality, not a cheap line, 8 in. high, nickel or coloured case, usually sells 5/6. Special Offer, 5/- (post 6d.). Satisfaction guaranteed.—Postal Trading Service, 24, Leith Mans., Granville Road, LONDON, W.9.

SPECIAL Easter Offer.—All British goods, not foreign. Money returned if not satisfied. Perfectly cut Lounge Suit, 19/6 to measure, in latest style, single or double breasted, from Yorkshire Tweeds or fine Worsted Cloths, 100 patterns, 20 years' reputation. Send no money, but write NOW, before prices rise, for free patterns, self-measure chart and latest fashions to H. Thomas & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 14, Pitlake Bridge, Croydon, Surrey.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer foot of p. 3.

BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 20/-. 78 home-made garments, Worth 25s. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gown, Flannel, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 64, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

LIGHTNING LEATHER STITCHER for thrifty homeworkeers. Puts perfect lockstitch in boots, belts, bags, harness and all leather goods. Complete with 3 different needles and thread, only 2/3, post 4d.—Penny & Co. (J. Dept.), 142, Cottenham Rd., London, N.19.

CHEAP brushes are a false economy! The announcement of the KLEEN-E-ZE BRUSH CO. on p. 38 is well worth noting.

PRESERVE your health and fitness by wearing a "Spencer" Supporting Corset.—Write, mentioning John Bull, Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for further particulars. See advt. on p. 38.

WRITE to the address in the "ROBBIALAC" card of Robbialac Synthetic Finishes for advt. on p. 22 for free leaflet and colour Cycles, etc.

FILL IN THE COUPON in the "New Imperial" advt. on p. 37 for Free Cat. and partic. how you can get a "UNIT MINOR" MOTOR CYCLE on easy terms.

SEND a p.c. to the Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd., Britannia Works, Aston, Birmingham, for a free copy of their superb Catalogue. Mention John Bull when writing. See p. 39.

WONDERFUL BARGAIN. Genuine 15/- Frock reduced to 9/11. Sent on appro. for 1/- deposit. Turn to the Ambrose Wilson offer on p. 41.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, SANJOS, GUITARS, COARINAS. Wonderful 1934 catalogue, 44-pages, free.—Terms, OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B. 8, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA DIRECT from 1/- lb. Loose or packaged. Own name if required. Samps. free.—Victoria Tea Co. Ltd., 23, Chancery Lane, Ldn., W.C.2.

TEAS direct from the Blenders at Wholesale Prices, large or small quantities, loose or packaged. Agents wanted for packet teas. Samps. free.—Foulsters, Dane Place, Bow, London, E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—"Artico" Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure, by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 11d. stamp for details.—R. Ward Tablet Co., 24-26, Codnor, Derby.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/6. Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, Samps. 6d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (42M), 88, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

DIGESTIVE TROUBLE.—Substitute ordinary food for a while by "Allanburys" Diet. Send 3d. stamps for 7-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanbury, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.2), 37, Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

PSORIASIS, Eczema. These irritating complaints completely ended while you sleep. Immediate relief. Call or write. No obligation.—Ridale Consulting Rooms (Dept. H.), 121, Kingsway, W.C.2.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for liberal trial bottle of D.D.D. brand Prescription for Skin Troubles. The address appears in the advt. on p. 16.

STEEDMAN'S FAMOUS BOOK. "Hints to Mothers," is offered free on p. 33.

SEND a p.c. for a FREE SAMPLE of "QUINQASCA" COLD CURE TABLETS. The address appears in the advt. on p. 33.

EVERY READER should fill in the coupon in the "Phyllosan" advt. on p. 33 for one of the new pocket containers for "Phyllosan" Tablets. Enclose 11d. stamp for postage.

FREE.—Generous sample of "Fenn-a-Mint," the safe, pleasant chewing laxative which banishes constipation. Send 11d. stamp to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. C2), 14, Thames House, Westminster, London, S.W.1. See p. 30.

FREE.—All Mothers of growing girls should read "Nature's Warnings," a booklet offered by the Proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The address appears in advt. on p. 31.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 55, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc., BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No deposit, no references required. Call or write for Spring Catalogue, also Men's Catalogue sent Post Free. SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1.

DON'T HAVE YOUR TEETH EXTRACTED through Pyorrhea—the cause of more illness than any other. Read the book, "Pyorrhea of the Gums, and its Resultant Diseases," ninth edition. Price 6d.—Call or write, Aspiene, Ltd., 444, Strand, London, W.C.2.

PLYWOOD all thicknesses. Sheet, 100 ft. or Bundle lots. Write for prices.—Woodworkers Supply Co., 27, Broad Street, Nottingham.

FREE illus. Booklet of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write, Dept. 5-NJ, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 24.

WRITE to Dept. 8J, J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., Somerset, Bristol, for a free list of Gifts offered in connection with FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA. Send for this now. A p.c. will do. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 26.

FREE.—A choice of any 3 of the following "Hartens" Gifts—(1) Hair Grower; (2) Cream Shampoo; (3) Ureol Brilliantine; (4) Hair Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair Wash; and (6) Astol for Grey Hair. Send coupon in advt. on the Back Cover with 4d. stamp for postage, for free samples and manual of instructions.

FREE to dog lovers. 100-page book, "Gu de to Dog Management." Write, mentioning John Bull, to Spratt's Patent, Ltd., 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3. The offer appears on p. 27.

HEAVEN AND HELL.—A Book Bargain! The Swendsen's wonderful description of the Next World. The Book has been translated into 17 languages and 500,000 copies have been sold. See advt. foot of p. 2.

Weekly Informations from

MAJOR-GENERAL
SIR WYNDHAM
CHILDS



Impudent CUT-PRICE Coal Ramp



From the pit-head to the housewife's coal-scuttle—The proposition of Fuel Distributors, Ltd., sounds perfectly feasible, you would think . . .

THERE are many companies which are organised by persons possessing more optimism than judgment, and these concerns usually have a short and disastrous career.

I have in mind a grandiose scheme which was planned for supplying coal to the public at cut rates, but which has now gone up in smoke.

The company responsible for this plan of bringing coal direct from the pit to the consumer has just crashed in most questionable circumstances, and a deep behind the scenes reveals that many people have in consequence lost every penny they possessed.

It is known as Fuel Distributors, Ltd., and was registered as a private company in December, 1932.

The promoters are William Richard Jones and Albert Charles Hagon, a barrister.

Premises were rented at Maltravers House, Arundel Street, Strand, London, and the great scheme to cut out middle-men coal merchants began in a blaze of glory.

Although only ninety-nine £1 shares had been taken up in Fuel Distributors, Ltd., the directors were nothing if not enthusiastic.

Jones was the originator of the idea for supplying coal at cut prices, and his scheme included the formation of a second company—the Smokeless Coal

Supply Association, under the proprietorship of Fuel Distributors, Ltd.

This Association was to supply coal on a co-operative basis, members being entitled to all the benefits of cheap coal when they had bought a membership certificate for £5 5s.

The fact that the subscription was later reduced to £2 2s. suggests that the offer did not meet with the enthusiasm from housewives at first anticipated.

Not only were members to have cheap coal, they were also to have a 60 per cent. interest in the profits from coal supplied by the Association.

Its boast

Circulars and booklets were distributed by the company, and the head office seemed to be humming with activity.

Yet for all this outward show, this new company, which was to keep the home fires burning with coal at cut rates, really possessed a working capital of exactly £99.

"Best household coal can be delivered at a price which will yield an approximate saving to the consumer of fifteen to twenty shillings a ton," was its proud boast.

But those members of the public who may have been stirred to hopefulness

by such assurances must be bitterly despondent to-day.

After a preliminary fanfare of trumpets, advertisements for district managers began to appear in various newspapers, and the terms seemed attractive to many who responded.

Applicants were informed that the remuneration was £3 a week, plus a commission of 6d. a ton on all coal orders booked.

I find that although the company's position was so unstable, seventeen district managers were appointed at various dates between the end of 1932 and April, 1933.

In the majority of these cases they were made to pay for this dubious privilege, being mulcted of £105 in cash for twenty certificates of the Smokeless Coal Supply Association, as a condition of their appointment!

It was pointed out to them that the cash deposited with the company in this way was a necessary security against the large sums of money it was contemplated they would be called upon to handle.

With the appointment of the managers everything was set for the great campaign of supplying coal direct to the consumer at cut prices. Branch offices were opened and work began in real earnest.

All that was needed now was some coal to sell!

Now, arrangements for supplies of coal were made in this way:

In 1933 the Swansea Vale Anthracite Colliery, Ltd., was formed with a nominal capital of £100, and the same directors as Fuel Distributors, Ltd.

This company secured an option on the Ystrad Dulais Colliery, which all seemed very impressive.

Sold at a loss

But in reality this source of supply of coal very soon proved to be very unsatisfactory.

Some coal from this colliery was sent to London, it is true; but it could not be sold owing to its inferior quality.

The seventeen district managers who had invested their hard-won savings in Fuel Distributors, Ltd., and the Smokeless Coal Supply Association, now began to realise that all was not well with the concern.

Some of them had obtained orders in perfect good faith only to find that the company could not supply the coal.

One manager found that in order to keep faith with clients it was necessary to purchase coal from merchants in London, and this coal had to be sold at a loss.

Soon Fuel Distributors, Ltd., was in serious difficulties. There were many hurried conferences at the head office of the company, and the disillusioned branch managers had some difficulty in getting into touch with their directors.

To add to their troubles, the branch and district managers were now experiencing the greatest difficulty in obtaining their salaries.

Eventually they held a meeting which was addressed by officials of the company. Promises were made that the

outstanding salaries due to them would be paid.

But little or nothing happened for several weeks, and I understand that the continued non-payment of salaries proved to be the last straw that broke not the camel's back, but the backs of the managers. They realised that they had been badly let down.

At the end of their patience, they all sent in their resignations, demanding payment of arrears of salary and the return of their deposits.

They got neither, and at a later date a winding-up order was made. The company had, in fact, gone up in smoke.

I gather from information that has reached me that when the Official Receiver examined the accounts of Fuel Distributors, Ltd., he made some interesting discoveries.

Managers' plight

No complete record of receipts and expenses was kept by the company, but a cash-book, written up since the winding-up order was made, shows that the total receipts of the company from all sources includes only £46 as actual receipts from the sale of coal.

Set this trifling sum against an item of £1,370 secured, not by honest trading, but in deposits from investor-employees, and you will realise how scandalous is the whole affair.

Seldom in my experience have I known a company to start out with such an ambitious scheme, and collapse so miserably.

My sympathies are with the unfortunate seventeen managers who sacrificed their savings to secure employment in what they thought was a sound concern.

Nothing could be sadder than the way in which these men, anxious for work, were persuaded to provide capital for this ill-fated concern.

The collapse of Fuel Distributors, Ltd., must have meant terrible hardship to many of these men, who scraped together money they could ill afford to lose, in order to get into an enterprise which seemed so "promising."

As to the Smokeless Coal Supply Association, which was founded by Fuel Distributors, Ltd., I find that apart from the managers themselves there were only four members of the Association!

Investigate!

As the result of inquiries made by members of my staff, I find that Albert Charles Hagon, a barrister, secretary of Fuel Distributors, Ltd., is an undischarged bankrupt.

This sorry distinction is likewise shared by John Frederick Bell, a mining engineer of Cartref, Bridgend, Glamorgan, who appears on the documents of the company as a director.

But Bell has denied having had any connection with the company, except in a technical capacity.

Be that as it may, it is obvious that there are many good reasons for the most searching investigation by the authorities into this company's affairs.

LEFT-PARCEL TRICK

OUR recent warning under this heading has brought letters of complaint from all parts of the country, where readers have been saddled with unordered goods they cannot afford and do not require.

An Islington reader has been saddled with a parcel of goods for which her lodger, in her absence, was induced to sign.

In another case a woman who lives on the ground floor of a building was persuaded to accept delivery of linen on behalf of the mother of a family who lives on the first floor.

Touting salesmen engaged in forcing their goods upon people in this way stoop to all kinds of unscrupulous devices in order to procure a customer.

In some cases, the amount of cash involved is but a few shillings, but in others, the sum demanded by the firms

is much higher. Several readers complain of the methods practised by Molens, Ltd., described as drapers, of Lea Bridge Road, Leyton, and we note that this concern was plaintiff in a county court case at Shoreditch recently.

Both sides of the dispute were heard by Judge Cluer, who left no doubt about his strong disapproval of the way in which a Hackney workman was saddled with a 30s. quilt delivered to his wife.

The man's wife did not require the quilt, and wanted to return it. The judge invited the agent for the company to take it back, or, on the other hand, to accept payments spread over a period of thirty years!

This judgment should not only be a warning to Molens, Ltd., but to every other firm which permits its employees to dispose of goods in this unfair manner.

NO. 1 OUT TO-MORROW!

FRIDAY, MARCH 16



The great new weekly newspaper

TO-MORROW, FRIDAY, MARCH 16th, sees the launching of No. 1 of the most unusual weekly this country has ever known. It is the "Clarion"—a new, large-size weekly newspaper—fearless—challenging—stimulating—a hard hitter—out to fight for you—your aims and your ideals. Hundreds of thousands of people have waited for the "Clarion" and have actually ordered it in advance. They have looked forward to the "Clarion"—not just as a new paper but as a great event. As to its contents—WE WANT YOU TO SEE FOR YOURSELF. Many famous personalities will write for the "Clarion"—but it is not so much "who they are" as "what they will say" that matters.

If you want straight thinking and plain speaking—if you want not only the news BUT ENLIGHTENED VIEWS ABOUT THE NEWS—if you want to know the REAL facts instead of being spoon-fed—in fact, if you are a person and not a puppet—you are bound to want the "Clarion." We are confident that No. 1 will sell out on the first day of publication. Don't miss the thrill of seeing the first issue of a paper that will make history! Ask your newsagent for the "Clarion"—out to-morrow. At the same time, ask him to supply you with the "Clarion" every Friday.

CLARION

Every Friday — Twopence

Nurse's Fight

for her

GOOD NAME

A BRAVE fight against injustice is being waged by Nurse Emma Jane Marsh, of Pencepiece Road, Barkingside, London.

Against her in this conflict is the Ilford Borough Council.

The facts are that Nurse Marsh was appointed Health Visitor and School Nurse to the Council on August 7, 1928.

After serving three years at the Seven Kings Welfare Centre, she was transferred to the Woodford Road and Barkingside establishments.

Eleven months after her transfer, in October, 1932, she was suddenly called upon to resign her position, without a word of explanation being given.

Fine record

During the four years of her service at Ilford she carried out her duties efficiently and well. Only two months before her dismissal she received an increase in her salary, which was a tangible token of appreciation of her services.

All the more surprising, in these circumstances, was her sudden dismissal.

It was not until some time later that this nurse learned that she had been attacked in a special sub-committee of the local Maternity and Child Welfare Committee on the grounds that she was "hopelessly tactless" and that she "put up the backs of mothers and voluntary workers, so that they would not come to the Welfare Centres where she was."

Strange that it should have taken the authorities almost four years to discover that this nurse was "hopelessly tactless."

However, it was as a result of this meeting that Miss Marsh was called upon to resign her position.

No opportunity to state her case was

given to this nurse, whose services had always been keenly appreciated.

For four years she had carried out her duties at the Welfare Centres in an efficient and painstaking manner. This had been proved by increases in her salary.

Then, without a word of warning, came the shock of dismissal!

With her career crashing in ruins at her feet, Nurse Marsh appealed to the Council for a hearing, so that she might state her case, but this appeal to Caesar fell on deaf ears.

Since then this unjustly treated nurse has been continuing undaunted her fight for justice, but, so far, without success.

One member of the Council, who considered the case one of the worst injustices he had ever known, was fighting strenuously to get justice done, when death overtook him, leaving Miss Marsh to carry on the battle single-handed.

Her tragedy is heightened by the fact that she has been unable to obtain another appointment.

Upon her sudden and unmerited dismissal, she was given a reference which has been described as "not worth the paper it is written on."

In actual fact, all this means that her career is practically ruined. Her attempts to obtain appointments elsewhere have failed.

Dwindling savings

She has been forced to live on her savings, and the future will be black indeed unless the Council can be induced, even at the eleventh hour, to review the full facts of the case and reconsider its decision.

During the past year there has been a growing feeling of indignation among ratepayers in the district at the grievous injustice that has been done.

Twelve months ago the case was

Alderman Pitt, Mayor of Ilford, to whom we appeal to order a full enquiry into this wronged nurse's case



smoke a cigarette. This request was rightly refused.

Again this could not be regarded as an offence, but it was reported to the Medical Officer of Health.

These wretched little complaints, plus some grumbling from voluntary workers at the clinics, who found efficiency somewhat irksome, appear to have been treated seriously by the Committee responsible for the clinics.

Having carefully investigated the whole of the circumstances of this case, we can only urge the responsible officials of the Ilford Council to reconsider their previous decision in this matter.

Nurse Marsh proved conclusively during her four years' service that she was thoroughly efficient. No complaint concerning her abilities was ever made, yet she was brutally dismissed, and has never been given an opportunity to state her case.

There is still time for justice to be done, and we appeal to the Council to right a wrong by reinstating Nurse Marsh at once.

brought to the attention of the three local Ratepayers' Associations, and a town's meeting was held in Ilford Town Hall.

At this gathering a resolution was passed, demanding the appointment of an independent committee to enquire into the whole scandal.

A reasonable request to make, but again the Council turned a deaf ear to this demand for elementary justice.

Three petitions have been presented by local residents, asking for the reinstatement of the wronged nurse.

The last was presented in January this year. This was signed by 1,675 persons, including about 1,500 mothers who had come into contact with Miss Marsh at Welfare Centres, school clinics, or had been visited by her at their homes.

Striking testimony, this, to the popularity of the victim of an inexplicable injustice.

But this last petition, like its forerunners, has been ignored by the local authorities, who appear determined not to hear the plea for justice.

Deputations composed of mothers who have had first-hand experience of Nurse Marsh's work at the Welfare Centres and elsewhere have waited on the officials concerned, but still no satisfaction has been forthcoming.

She did her job

There is evidence that a number of voluntary workers at the Ilford Welfare Clinics, some of whom have considerable influence with the authorities concerned, have been alarmed at the efficiency with which Miss Marsh had carried out her various duties.

Never since the time of her appointment had there been the slightest suggestion that she had failed to do her job, and do it well.

True, there was an occasion when she stopped one mother from going in to consult a doctor, but this was because a child needed treatment urgently. Yet this well-meaning act was reported as if it were a crime.

On another occasion she was asked by a mother who had brought her child to the Barkingside clinic if she could

His Bad Policy

PEOPLE who possess names like Smith, Brown, Robinson, Jones, James and Williams should be on their guard against a successful rogue who is touring the country just now in the guise of an insurance agent.

A typical example of his methods can be illustrated by the experience of a woman who was visited by him a few weeks ago at her Lancashire home.

He gave his name as Douglas, stated that he represented a famous insurance company, and informed her that a distant relative had died with his insurance policy in arrears.

As apparently there was no other claimant, and no will, the amount due on the policy—£100—would go automatically to her if the arrears were paid.

* * *

The agent appeared to be in a hurry, and intimated that if the woman did not make up her mind quickly she would lose the option.

She foolishly believed his story, and handed over several pounds.

Mr. Douglas departed to get the transaction confirmed, and promised to despatch a cheque to her within a few days.

Dupes are now complaining about him all over the country.

He has endless aliases, but those he uses most are Aston, Carr, Smith, and Kettle.

COMBINE EXPOSURE: Sequel

UNDER the heading of "Murky Milk Combine Exposed," we lately attacked a group of shady dairy companies, which include the Lincoln and Suffolk Dairies; the Lymington and Stafford Dairies; the London Suburban Dairies, and the Farmers' Direct Milk Supply.

These particular companies, which trade in the Essex side suburbs of London, deliberately flout the law. Their methods are an open scandal.

We are glad to notice that since our revelations were published more drastic action has been taken by the authorities against the different concerns.

At a recent sitting of the Stratford magistrates there were three separate cases in which the various companies were involved.

In one prosecution seven roundsmen working for the group were fined for selling watered milk. Samples of the milk had been taken from the seven different sellers on the same morning.

It was stated in court that the "milk" was made up by mixing milk powder, cream and water, and then this concoction was retailed from carts on which were the words "Pure milk direct from our own farmers."

Counsel for the prosecution declared that the employers for whom the defendants worked were "a nest of fraudulent companies."

The Chairman of the Bench, in fining the milk roundsmen, made the suggestion that the Essex County Council should communicate with the Director of Public Prosecutions in regard to the whole sorry business.

"We look upon this as a very serious and very fraudulent thing," said the Chairman.

Other cases dealt with by the magistrates that day were against two employees of the companies for obstructing two inspectors of the Dagenham Council at the headquarters of the "dairies," and against a roundsman and his lad assistant for filling a milk bottle in the street.

Since our exposure of the "Murky Milk Combine" we have received letters from all parts of the country congratulating JOHN BULL for the attack, and containing most interesting information regarding the principals of the companies.

In view of the frequency with which complaints are arising, most people will agree that a thorough enquiry by the appropriate authorities is long overdue.

In— Bravest England—2

by Mrs.
Cecil
Chesterton

IN continuing my search for heroine No. 2 of the Great Depression—for another of those Mothers Courageous who to-day are keeping home and family together in the face of tremendous odds—I was looking for a number in a back street at Canning Town.

The mist hung heavy on the narrow, winding alleys, the broad, straight roads that fringe the water-side. I peered through the haze at the gaunt tenements, tiny dwellings, huge stores and shabby shops—all the striving and the struggling that make up the life of the poverty-racked district.

The damp gripped my throat and sent a shiver through my bones.

No area in London has been harder hit by the trade slump than dock-land.

With few other industries to fall back on, the population generally exists by the shipping trades, sunk perilously near stagnation. Unemployment steals like a shadow from street to street, inactivity seems to settle like a pall.

I never felt more desolate or oppressed; until with a sudden lifting of the gloom I remembered that all round and about me hundreds of families were fighting day on day against abject hopelessness and misery.

A siren on the river hooted defiant challenge to every kind of dirty weather; the warm glow of a small fireside suddenly cheered the grey street with a message of welcome and fellowship.

I felt instinctively that I had reached my goal. This surely was the house I wanted. . . .

The flickering coals in the grate—the careful housewife does not light up early—showed a little sitting-room in all its shabbiness and comfort—the worn linoleum carefully polished, the old couch with its faded rep cover and the leather chairs frayed but well made and capacious.

Happy yesteryears

It had a certain air of dignity, that parlour, for all its poverty. I felt the same about the brave woman that on JOHN BULL's behalf I had gone in search of—Mrs. Lancaster, who sat darning, straining her eyes for the last flicker of twilight.

A big woman, planned on a generous scale, her arms seemed built to give shelter, her hands, flexible and firm, were made to serve and heal. Her grey hair, thick and plentiful, outlined a finely shaped head, and when she spoke her voice had all the softness and the strength of the word



A street in Canning Town

"mother." She has four boys and three girls.

Twenty years back the grey-haired woman darning socks was a carefree young wife with two small children. Her husband, representing a London shipping firm in Antwerp, earned a good salary and they had made a home in the old Belgian city within the sound of the Cathedral bells.

Mrs. Lancaster's soft voice described the crowded quays, the wide boulevards, the open-air cafés and the wonderful sculpture of Quintin Matsys dedicated to the River Scheldt. She loved them all. She would hunt round the furniture and china shops near the docks for bargains and proudly bring them home. And each year happiness seemed more secure.

And then the Great War came.

The crash

The little family, with what goods they could remove, hurriedly returned to England and settled in Canning Town. Some of their treasures they brought with them. A china plate on the mantelshelf caught my eye. All delicate blues and whites, though sadly cracked it was stamped with a serene loveliness that nothing could extinguish. It had the same quality as Mrs. Lancaster.

The husband had not been permitted to join up. He was needed to victual ships and journeyed to and from Antwerp through the fear-ridden years until peace came, and the little family looked forward to renewed security.

But it lasted only a very little while. The shipping company fell into difficulties. They cut down salaries, floundered for two or three years and then went bankrupt.

That was not all. The Lancaster savings had been invested in the firm. The thrift of years was wiped out—and the man's job went with it.

She told me how that day she had been watching her husband at the parlour window. As he turned the corner she had felt he brought bad news, and the first prevision of what was to be had come to her.

He was a fine man, over six foot,

but he had seemed all small and shrunken. He could hardly speak for agitation, but he told her somehow that the firm had gone, and then, suddenly and terribly, he had begun to cough. There was a hæmorrhage brought on by the shock, following the anxiety and exposure of those nights in the North Sea.

Then began one of those tragic conflicts that hurt even in the hearing.

He had always kept his wife and children—there were seven by this time between twelve and two—and he would not believe he couldn't do it any longer. He refused to hear of his wife looking for work, and day after day went the ghastly rounds, but except for an occasional odd job he was always turned down.

They had a little money in the savings bank, which, with the sale of some of the home, kept things going. But it was a downhill fight. He grew steadily worse, beside himself with terror as to what would happen to the wife and children, and at last, one morning, in sheer exhaustion and emaciation, he could not drag himself about.

From that day, ten years ago, Mrs. Lancaster quietly and steadfastly shouldered all those things which go to the upkeep of a family.

A great moment

Her husband's sick insurance pay was all that was coming in. She might have taken a lodger, but that would have meant giving up the little parlour. They had three bedrooms and a kitchen as well.

"But," said Mrs. Lancaster, "if you always live in a kitchen you are apt to think kitchen. I've tried for my children to have the best possible chance."

Parish relief was not to be thought of. All the decent pride of her upbringing rose against it. Equally unthinkable was the idea of getting her two youngest into an institution. The mother in her cried out at the very thought of it.

She must find something to do, but in Canning Town there is little op-

The Lo Breadwin with a Fa of Seve

portunity of employment in business, and she realised that she would have to try for a job as charwoman or domestic help.

She was a woman of education and refinement, but the prospect did not alarm or affront her.

It was a great moment when she was engaged as daily cleaner at a Council School. Work began at half-past six in the morning, but she was home by half-past eight for the children's breakfast and to tidy up the invalid.

And then the eldest girl, wonderfully handy, was able to get the mid-day meal, so that mother was free for another job at Forest Gate from ten till half-past four. She generally walked home—thank heaven, her feet were strong—and it saved the car fare; threepence a day mounts up in a week.

Yes, her health had kept wonderfully good, though she suffered from the local complaint—everyone in Canning Town seems to have rheumatism—and she had hardly missed a day at the school since she started. She finished there at half-past six, which left her time to clear up at home in the evening.

The children's shoes and clothes had been a bit of a problem, but an extra job of cleaning, a bit of dress-

R in a MILLION



Light in a dark street—"In the evening the Lancaster family gathers in the little sitting-room of many memories"

...king—"I'm very handy with my
...edle," she explained—helped
...ngs along, and though money was
...y short she had never run into
...ot.
...I should be afraid of every knock
...the door if I owed a bill," said Mrs.
...ncaster.

Herself last

...er nights were often broken—the
...k man was terribly restless and
...ered very much, but when he had
...be taken to a sanatorium it was
...e losing part of herself.
...It's a hard thing to see your man
...," said Mrs. Lancaster, "and keep
...-eyed yourself. He broke his heart
...e night before he left—but I had to
...him go. He wanted constant care,
...d I couldn't be with him and do
...y work. . . . He always put the chil-
...en before himself, and so he went."
...As I listened to her story I could
...ly marvel at the self-denial and
...rtitude that enabled this heroic
...ther to put them all, children and
...band, before any consideration
...r herself!
...After her husband's death the
...ancial strain grew more acute. The
...dow's pension helped, but the

youngest boy showed signs of phthisis, like the youngest girl, and they both needed extra nourishment—which meant more work and less rest for mother.

"Sometimes I don't rightly know just how I've managed," she said quietly, "but I've kept going. My children—all the pride of the world was in her voice—are wonderful."

Mrs. Lancaster still works. The eldest girls are both married, but times are not too good with them, and already the three grandchildren need help. The third daughter, of sixteen, is very delicate and can only occasionally earn a few shillings, while the youngest lad is yet at school.

Way to fortune . . .

The eldest son, just nineteen, after two years of unemployment, has got a job. He ate his heart out looking for work, but mother helped him to keep fit. She persuaded him to go to the Boys' Club and learn boxing.

"He's won a whole row of medals," she said proudly.

The second boy is still unemployed, but the third, of fourteen, is on the way to fortune—so, at least, thinks Mrs. Lancaster. Having walked away with all the school prizes, he decided

to be a dentist, to which end he was apprenticed at a factory to learn the mechanical part of the profession. His pay barely covers his fares, but "I'd rather that than stand in his way," said Mrs. Lancaster. "I shall get him through his training somehow."

And watching that calm, capable figure, with the indomitable eyes, I felt she would accomplish it.

There was a bunch of yellow asters on a table in the window.

"Flowers," said Mrs. Lancaster, "mean a lot. They brighten up a room so."

As she talked it seemed to me the sturdy blossoms with their sharp sweetness symbolised her life.

In the evening the Lancaster family gathers in the little sitting-room of many memories. Their mother has the theory that only when home is not attractive do young people prefer the streets.

Her children bring back their friends, girls or boys, and they talk and laugh and one of them sings, another plays the violin—there is a musical academy in the neighbourhood, where three lessons can be had for a shilling—to the accompaniment of a piano, played by the champion boxer.

That piano represents the peak of achievement in Mrs. Lancaster's maternal career. It is a second-hand

instrument and considerably below concert pitch to a critical ear. But it is whole and the notes are not too jangled. It symbolises those innumerable daily denials—a cup of tea, a tram fare, an extra hour's rest, which pay for its hire-purchase.

His ambition

"But it's cheaper than the pictures," said Mrs. Lancaster, "and it keeps the boys happy and content. Some of the neighbours have a wireless, but I find my children get a bit fed up with it."

They like, somehow, to do things for themselves, and I've always encouraged them to have some sort of hobby. My youngest is terribly keen on gardening—he wants to get a caravan some day and take me round the country!"

And meanwhile the small boy, pathetically fragile, grows creepers in pots on the kitchen window-sill and has thoughts of rearing sweet peas.

Mrs. Lancaster does not believe in clothing clubs.

She contends you do not get the very best material. She buys for her family when and how she can; sometimes a good second-hand suit which will wear better than a shoddy new one, pressed and repaired by her competent hands.

Always she is planning, but though for her life begins and ends with her children she does not seek to possess them, only to help and sustain them.

As marriage comes they will leave her, as the two girls have done already, but the home will remain for them to come to when they want it. They will return, I feel, not through a cramping sense of duty, but from the flowering of love.

A great light

She stood up, broad-shouldered, straight-backed, like a tower. A noble figure, she joins hands with the bravest mothers in Britain.

"It's time I went to the school," she said. "It's after six already." And she rolled the mended socks up neatly.

I left, feeling that the little house enshrined a rare and very radiant soul.

Outside the misty streets, cold and gloomy in the darkness, seemed suddenly to shine with a great light—the light of gentle and unceasing selflessness.

NEXT WEEK:—

A Gallery of
Scottish Heroines

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Certain everyday beverages cause excessive flow in the stomach of "free" hydrochloric acid. This strong acid attacks the stomach lining — with possibly disastrous effects on the whole digestive process.

There is one beverage which has been proved safe — in fact it is actually beneficial to digestion. Scientists in a London hospital have proved that Rowntree's Cocoa has the effect of preventing this danger of over-acidity in the stomach. It helps you to digest better everything you eat with it. Rowntree's Cocoa is itself nourishing and easily digested.

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HER TO
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ROWNTREE'S COCOA

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actually helps
digestion



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Without uttering one word, she pulled me through to her mother's bedroom

SAVED— by a DREAM VOICE

IN my early days as a medical student, my old professor was a man of vigorous and independent views, who lived at least fifty years before the world was ready for him.

Professional orthodoxy, with its inevitable restrictions and inhibitions, would, on occasion, rouse him to pitches of frenzied intolerance, when he would rail against medical practice blinded by prejudice and devoted to curative treatment not very far removed, in some cases, from the herbal chap-books of mediæval quack apothecaries or the witches' cauldron!

Had he lived to-day he would have been a psychologist of note, or a successful practising psycho-analyst. He was particularly fond, in driving home an argument, of quoting an old Italian epitaph in the form of a proverb: "I was well—I wished to be better—took medicine—and died!"

"Gentlemen," he used to warn us sternly, with a solemn shake of his grey head, "there are greater cures corked up in your patients' heads and hearts than in a thousand medicine bottles."

Which, taken not quite so literally, is a valuable working maxim.

Well, that old professor has been dead many years now. But often during my professional life incidents have cropped up which have had their genesis in the supernatural, and which have caused me to wonder what Professor — would have had to say about them.

One of the most remarkable cases in my experience occurred two or three years ago, just before I retired from a busy general practice in the East End of London.

I was called out at a late hour one

night to a Mrs. Satter (I'll call her that, anyhow), whom I had been treating successfully for a severe attack of repressed influenza.

She had safely passed the worst stages of her illness, but general debility of an already anæmic constitution made her ultimate recovery a slow and trying process.

Her husband, who had spent many years in a Shanghai dockyard, was then making his living concocting patent floor, furniture and metal polishes in a workshop at the rear of the house.

He packed his preparations into tins, and employed two or three men to make direct sales to housewives in the London suburbs.

At fixed intervals, with an eye to expanding business, he would take a load in his old car and set off for the Midlands, where he would hawk them for a week or so, or until his stock was finished.

HE happened to be at home when his wife caught influenza, finishing the packing of his wares for his country trip; and he did not leave until I could assure him that, with care, Mrs. Satter, whom he adored, would make an excellent recovery.

About the third day after his departure, Mrs. Satter had a sudden relapse. Her daughter, an only child, who was employed in the silks department of a West End store, came round to my house towards midnight in a state of agitation.

I found Mrs. Satter in such an alarmingly low condition, that I feared the worst. For some unaccountable reason she was beset with mental fretting. I gave her an injection, instructed the

girl what to do, and promised to look in again round about breakfast-time.

When I saw her again, her mental state was quickly wearing down what little physical strength remained, and she kept calling out for "Fred," her husband. Her lips were muttering his name as she lapsed into semi-consciousness.

I thereupon advised the daughter to get in touch with her father immediately, for I recognised that only his early appearance was going to save the woman.

The girl telegraphed to three different hotels where she knew her father usually stayed, and she prepaid the replies. But each brought back a message from the hotel people to the effect that Mr. Satter had been there, but had not indicated his next overnight stopping place.

How to get over that crisis? It seemed that fate was conspiring against us. There was only one ray of hope, and that was to approach the Broadcasting authorities to have an S.O.S. appeal made as quickly as possible.

Acting on that, I called round at the local police station and explained what was the trouble.

The police got in touch with the B.B.C., and that evening, in the first news bulletin, the request for Fred Satter was made from all stations.

Towards ten o'clock that evening, a few minutes before I was due to make my next visit there, a police officer called at the Satters' home and told the daughter that her father had telephoned from Coventry that he was setting out at once for London by road.

WELL, roughly, that is somewhere in the region of, say, 100 miles to the East End. So I estimated that, if he left at ten o'clock, with luck on the empty night roads, he should make home somewhere about two o'clock in the morning.

When I saw Mrs. Satter again she was much weaker and in a greatly distressed condition. I gave her a sleeping draught, and was relieved to be able to tell her that her husband had sent word, that he was now actually on his way to her, and that, when she wakened again, he would be at her bedside.

My comforting words were more eerily prophetic than ever I imagined!

She smiled her thanks, just managed to whisper "That's good!" and sank into a coma, murmuring the name of her husband.

I had to attend to her daughter then. She was on the verge of nervous collapse with sleepless nights and the acute anxiety of her mother's critical illness.

I assured her that her mother would sleep for some hours to come, and advised her, for everybody's sake, to lie down and snatch some rest on a couch in the parlour next to her mother's room.

Four streets away I was due to attend

(Continued on page 26)

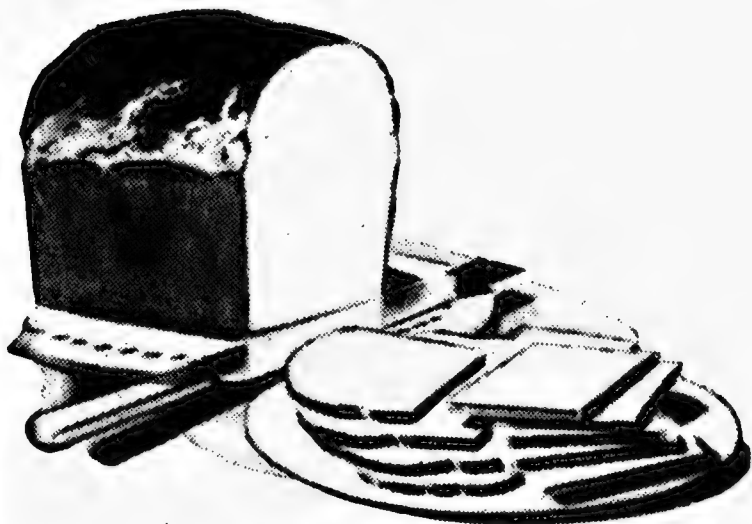
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When you go
straight from
work to the
football ground

When you've
been swimming
in the
lunch-hour . . .



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seeing the
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AND TWO POACHED EGGS

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and a comfortable feeling of satisfaction. That satisfaction is *real* satisfaction. Laboratory analyses show that the energy-giving power of a quarter of a pound of this chocolate is equal to that of a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast.

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. 4^d

a very nourishing food

SAVED by a DREAM VOICE—Continued from page 24

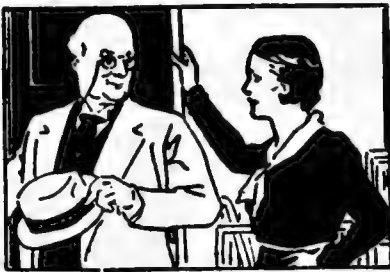
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THE MIDNIGHT MIRACLE

another serious case; but as a reliable nurse, was in attendance, I delayed going as long as possible. Then, leaving the street door unlatched, I departed, intending to be back round about the time Fred Satter was due to arrive.

It was four o'clock before I could leave my other patient in the neighbouring street, and I believe I was almost walking in my sleep when I called back at the Satters' place, so utterly exhausted did I feel.

The daughter met me at the door. Her eyes were strangely bright, and her cheeks seemed flushed with excitement.

She put out her hands impulsively, caught me by the arm, and, without uttering one word, pulled me through to her mother's bedroom.

I could see at a glance that the crisis was over. The woman's face was peaceful, composed; she was sleeping naturally. I took her pulse and found it stronger; I sounded her heart, filled with wonder at the miracle, and, as I stood up from the bed, still with the stethoscope in my hand, I breathed a fervent and audible: "Thank God!"

THE girl's expression was radiant with relief. "She is much better, isn't she?" she stammered, her voice breaking with pent-up emotion. "She most certainly is!" I emphasised.

Then, suddenly remembering, I looked round for her father.

"I don't understand it at all," the girl explained. "I was dozing, but the noise of the outside door banging in the wind roused me."

"I thought dad had come back. I ran out to meet him, but there was no one there. I ran back to mother's room—thinking, perhaps, that dad had gone straight through to her. I was sure I heard mother speaking. . . . But when I opened her door she was alone!"

"There was no sign of dad. Mother's eyes were wide open. She smiled up at me happily. 'Dad's back, Dwina. I'm glad,' she whispered."

"I didn't know what to say to her. It was like a mad dream. But I knew for certain that mother had changed for the better."

"I then asked her where dad had gone to. She said: 'The car broke down and he has gone to fetch it in. I think I'll sleep now, dear.'"

"And she just closed her eyes and she has been sleeping like that ever since."

"Ever since!" I repeated, strangely disturbed at the revelation. "Why, when was this?"

"Midnight. I remember looking at the grandfather clock as I came back from the front door."

Well, that was a poser. Indubitably, Fred Satter had not made a physical appearance, whatever manifestation had occurred in the dead hour of midnight. But what on earth—or beyond it—had roused Mrs. Satter from her drugged sleep?

A miracle had happened, and Mrs. Satter, having "seen" her husband and spoken with him, had been pulled back from the very brink of the grave.

Towards eight o'clock that same morning the telephone at my bedside shrilled and I lifted the receiver.

"Morning, doctor," a man's voice greeted me; "this is Satter speaking. Tell me, please, how's my wife?"

I hastened to tell him that there was nothing now to worry about.

"I'm speaking from Leighton Buzzard," he continued. "Will you please tell my wife I'll be along in no time. I had a smash near here last night."

"A smash?" I exclaimed. "And—and are you—all right?"

I was prepared at that moment to hear him say that he had been killed, so grotesque had been the night's happenings, so unbelievably beyond the realms of human experience.

"Oh, I got an arm broken," he answered back. "That's all. Ran into a heavy lorry in a patch of fog. Got it in splints. I'm coming on by the next train—and thank God my wife's all right. I can tell you, doctor, if ever a man prayed I did last night when I crashed."

AN old Chinese priest once told me that if you wished hard enough the spirits would carry out your desires—well, I could only pray. And you mean it—my wife's out of danger now?"

"Yes," and another question clamoured to be uttered. "Tell me—what time did your accident happen?"

"Round about twelve o'clock," the eerie voice came back.

And I put back the receiver with a prayer in my own heart, and a disturbing feeling that I knew nothing and understood nothing, that I was just a groping speck in a cosmic riddle that only Time and Divine revelation would solve.

The Human Machine

PLAY at WORK

IF you want to see of what men are made, go to a football match. You will see skill, and brains and endurance. You will see courage in the face of adversity. You will watch cheerfulness in the face of defeat; you will see grim determination, intensity of purpose, and intense loyalty. You will see unselfishness. You will see displayed, in fact, all the best qualities of which you know men to be capable.

All for a game! All for the honour of a side! All for an afternoon's exercise and amusements!

It's grand, of course. It's one of the finest things in the world. But if we only played at our work with half the energy that we work at our games we should most of us get on far better than we do.

Does it sound silly put that way? Why should it? It's true. Whatever game we play, we play it as though our lives depended on the outcome. How many of us do a job of work in the same spirit?

We all like to pretend that work's a bore and that games are fun—but most of us work much harder at our games than we do at our work.

If we were asked, we should say that it's because we play because we want to, but we work because we must.

It's a poor excuse. We may like to think we work because we must, but we really work because we hate to be idle. There isn't one of us who, if his work was taken away from him, wouldn't howl to get it back again. If we had nothing to do we should be the most miserable people on earth.

And it's an equally poor excuse to say that we should work harder if we could only do the work we want to do. What is it you want to do, anyway? If you could choose, you probably couldn't make up your mind! And if you changed your job to-day, you'd want to change it again to-morrow!

That probably sounds silly, too; but if you look back over your life you'll admit the truth of it. For you'll realise that the only times you were really happy were when you liked doing whatever it was you had to do.

That's the great secret of happiness and cheerfulness. And there's no other.



Esther

"The Greatest of These—"

In the SHADOWS . .

UP a dark stairway, in two rooms over a shop in a shabby London street, live fair-haired Esther, aged seven, her brother, who is thirteen, her mother and father.

The home is poor, but clean, and all would be well except for an awful tragedy. Esther's dad, who is now between thirty-five and forty, joined up when he was sixteen, and was discharged in 1918. He had been in hospital for a shrapnel wound in his shoulder, but he did not think much of that. His spine had been bruised by a box of ammunition falling on him when the tank he was in was hit, but he did not think this worth reporting.

On his discharge he secured work as a painter's labourer, and married. His wife could always secure a job as office cleaner, when necessary, and between them they could bring in close on four pounds a week.

One night Esther's father had a fit, and now his hospital report states that he is suffering from epilepsy and is showing signs of secondary mental deterioration. He had been attending the out-patient department of this hospital since 1928 until his admission to the Hanwell mental hospital in 1933. He is completely incapacitated and unable to follow his occupation as a builder.

He is now at home, and his wife can no longer go to work, as she cannot leave her husband for fear he might be seized with a fit. She is worn to a shadow.

Their only income is 27s. 6d. a week, while their rent is 11s. 6d. Everything has been pawned: wedding-ring, bed-clothes and their own clothing. "I lie awake," said Esther's mother, "and think whatever is going to be the end of it?"

Both she and her husband bear excellent characters, and we should like, if our readers will send us the necessary subscriptions, earmarked "Esther," to bring her dad, who is overwhelmed with depression at being unable to work, and her mother, some relief from their poverty.

All donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL WAR SUFFERERS' FUND, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Be a £1,000 Man

A pension of £20 a week for life or £10,000 cash down! That is the super-prize that must be won—and the opportunity of winning it is on pages 4 and 5.

But hurry, for the Daily Herald's great Radio Contest is in closing stages.

With £20 a week, or a bank balance of £10,000, you would be free to travel, retire, embark on a new business enterprise—the world would be at your feet.

To spur you on to greater efforts there is a generous concession offer of unlimited free entries.

Simply complete three of the entry columns on the entry form and the fourth is free, while if you complete the entire entry form you will receive a handsome free surprise gift.

All you are asked to do is to select twelve popular "turns" which would make the best all-star Radio Programme. No order of merit is required.

A free entry, a great free surprise and the opportunity of winning a fortune of £20 a week for life or £10,000 cash! Is your destiny on pages 4 and 5?

He almost
never cries—

what a
credit to his mother!

Nurse York, of one of London's leading hospitals, says: "To prevent chafing, every time a baby is changed, we protect the parts exposed to moisture by smoothing on a little 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. Powder, of course, cannot keep out moisture. Also when powder is moistened,

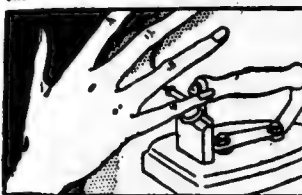
it cakes and cracks leaving patches of skin unprotected.

"We also smooth 'Vaseline' Jelly on a baby's scalp to keep it healthy and free from scurf." Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

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Shut out infection from cuts, burns, scalds, abrasions, with 'Vaseline' Jelly, which doctors agree is a perfect protection. Keep it always ready in the house.



SPRATTS CROONERISMS No. 1

'Now who's afraid of the
big bad wolf. . .?'



"A mere wolf," jeers Jock, "bring on some lions and tigers and bears! After a meal of Spratt's Ovals I feel tough enough to tackle anything!" No wonder Jock is self-confident. Every Spratt's Oval is full of the energising elements that send strength and vitality through him, make him a picture of doggy alertness from twitching nose to madly-wagging tail. Every single Oval is a model of the perfect doggy diet. Give your dog crisp and crunchy, meaty, munchy

SPRATT'S
MEAT
FIBRINE **OVALS**

FREE 100-PAGE BOOK. Write for 'Guide to Dog Management,' which will help you to give your dog expert care and consideration.
SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3.

A salad to you —
but a **STAIN**
to your teeth

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth—
Colgate's removes all seven.

You may have lovely teeth, without the world ever knowing it. Yes, without even you, yourself, ever knowing it.

Don't resign yourself to dull teeth—as a matter of Fate. Fate does not dull your teeth. Breakfasts, dinners, teas and suppers do! Everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee leaves stains on teeth . . . seven different kinds of stains, all told.

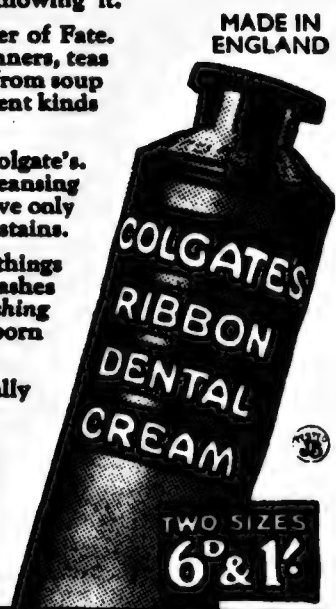
But you can take them all off—completely—with Colgate's. Know why? Because Colgate's has the TWO cleansing actions necessary and most other toothpastes have only one action—do only half the job of removing the stains.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, two things happen. First, an emulsive action loosens and washes away most of the stains. Second, a gentle polishing action safely rubs away other and more stubborn stains.

Isn't it worth a shilling to find out how really lovely your teeth can be?

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS
THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH.

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
6. Beverages.
7. Tobacco smoke.



THE GUIDE TO
BRITAIN'S BEST RESORTS

Now on sale at any LMS Station, Bookstall, Town Office or Agency. Contains a comprehensive list of Hotels, Boarding Houses and Apartments.

NOW ON SALE

CORNS



Stops Pain AT ONCE!

You run no risk with Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads! These 100% safe, sure pads end pain at once and quickly remove corns. They stop the cause of corns, sore toes and blisters by cushioning and protecting the sore spot. They make new or tight shoes easy on the feet. You never tried anything so soothing and healing. At all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists, and Shoe Dealers. Get a 1/3 box to-day.

Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads

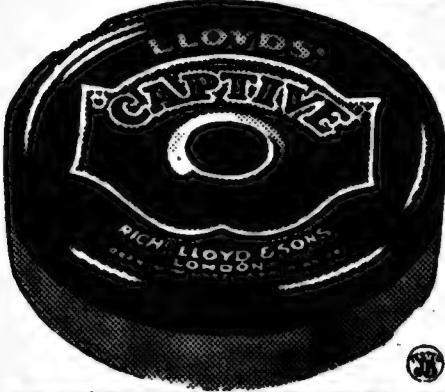
PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE!

Smoke
FRESH TOBACCO
FROM THE VACUUM
TIN

**'LLOYDS'
CAPTIVE
FLAKE**

ALL THE RICH
NATURAL FLAVOUR
IS SEALED IN
THE TIN

9^d
PER OZ.



The "perfect pack"

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cape Bros. & Co., Ltd.) 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

**do you
know that
you can
buy a
bottle of
ENO'S
'FRUIT SALT'
for 1'6**

Get a bottle today and be a
MR CAN

Dogged by BAD LUCK...

THERE are people who believe implicitly that life is just a matter of luck. "His luck's out," it is said when things don't go right. Or "His luck's in" if everything turns up

trumps.

There are others who ascribe life's happenings to Fate, chance or Providence.

Whatever may be our own point of view, there is no denying that at times, to quote Kipling, "everything goes dead wrong."

Here, for instance, is a letter from a woman, who says:

"Perhaps you can help me to get myself out of a 'Slough of Despond' into which I have fallen up to the ears. Just now I remind myself rather of King Midas, with this important distinction, that instead of everything I touch turning into gold, it turns into trouble.

"You are, I should imagine, too practical to believe in hoodoos, luck and suchlike, and, maybe, will not sympathise when I say that I believe I am under a spell. This started two years ago when I left a good job for one which seemed even better, but turned out a mirage and left me stranded within a month—out of work for the first time in my life."

Then my correspondent goes on to tell me that this misfortune was followed by a serious illness which lasted six weeks. She went away for a recuperative holiday, but had to return to see the last of a beloved young nephew. And then she continues:

"Further recent bad news is that some odd jobs I had been doing in a free-lance way (I am a writer of advertisements) will in future be done by a member of the staff. So that channel is closed to me.

"I have heard it said that people who are unlucky in business and financial affairs are lucky in love. I can't even claim to be that. I love the wrong man and it doesn't help the situation to know that he loves me. In fact, it would be better if he didn't."

"I am not a Jonah and would like to smile pluckily at every fresh blow Fate chooses to aim at me, but I think you will admit that one would need to have a face of steel to keep one's chin at the right angle in spite of all this."

LET us dissect this correspondent's case. Briefly, four things have happened to her. She has lost her employment; she has had a serious illness; she has suffered a family bereavement, and she has fallen in love with the wrong man and he with her.

But she has two consolations. The first is that her lane, by now, must surely have reached its turning. It is not an idle proverb but sober fact that maintains that the darkest hour comes before the dawn. And the second is that, bad though her lot has been, there are others even worse off than she is.

After all, she is a single woman with no family dependent upon her. Her illness is now happily a thing of the past, and she is obviously blessed with a good deal of ability. Her letter proves that. She writes with a facile pen, and it is clear from the way she expresses herself that though she may be "down" she is by no means "out."

"Keep up your spirits," I would say to her, "and I will wager that before long you will find a place in the sun again."

My next correspondent—this time a man—is also definitely "up against it."

"I am thirty-seven years of age," he writes, "and unmarried. I was educated for the Civil Service and succeeded in obtaining a position in London, being afterwards transferred to Dublin. My father, who was a farmer in a small way, died after I had been in the Service about four years, and my mother, who was alone, persuaded me to return home and help her

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

are conducted by

PHILIP INMAN,

JOHN BULL'S "Humanist." He is always ready to help you. Write to him and enclose a stamped addressed envelope. £1 ls. will be paid for each letter quoted.



"Bad luck, like shadow, never leads."

these things happen. He sure, for instance, the land he is tilling is able for the crops? Has he obtained advice upon the fertility of the soil?

His answer, I would be that he would afford these things feel sure that, in writing to the Ministry of Agriculture, at 10, Place, London, S.W., would be given help matters.

There is another man try and get to join him? To be of assistance various directions, bringing a little more the farm as well as manual labour would be able to difficulties together rose.

My correspondent

me he is unmarried, therefore, he must of upon his present problems. I his present difficulties seem to be him not to acknowledge

My third problem is quite different. I have a little business of my own, and I have no unemployment problem. I am thirty-nine, married, and have three children. My wife, who is twenty and I get along famously together, have never been afraid of hard work, much so that up to now we have had a real holiday together. However, I won some money in a stake, much to the envy of my friends, and this is where my trouble

"My wife has never met me although they have corresponded each other, and now she feels ought to go first of all to my father and sister are both in medical institutions. My fear is that if we visit my mother, some gossiping will tell my wife the whole story. I ought to do?"

ALL the neighbours call me a lucky fellow. But I am of good fortune has put me in a quandary. Up to his wife and he were "getting famously together." Now it is his jealousy guarded secret is come out.

The criticism I would make it ought to have come out long ago is not right that a man should such things from his wife. It ought to have been told before they were married.

The first thing he should do whether that mental trouble whether father and sister is simply due to a shock or is of a hereditary nature. The medical officer of the hospital should be able to tell him that. He has nothing really former, he has nothing really secretiveness and it might be wrecking of their married life. Besides, it is a duty to his children. If the trouble is, unfortunately, it is only right that caution should be taken.

with the farm. We got on fairly well until her health began to fail. But ever since her death my luck seems to have gone."

And he goes on to tell me that, though he has worked harder than ever, everything seems to have been against him.

"My cattle have died, my crops have failed, and, though last year in harvest time I worked almost night and day, I am not a bit better off. I can't meet my liabilities, nor can I sell the farm, as I am not the legal owner."

"I have looked for other work and answered advertisements until I am blue in the face. I have even tried to make a little money writing for the papers, but I have never had anything accepted. To crown all, I am suffering from the after-effects of influenza and am told that later on I may develop chronic rheumatism."

Bad luck, like my own shadow, never leaves me. Life is just hopeless, isn't it?

Now there is one sentence that stands out in this letter—it is that dealing with his recent illness. Influenza is a terrible strain upon the eyes. What do I mean by that? Simply that it makes you look at things through dark-coloured spectacles. After a dose of the "flu" the whole world looks, as my correspondent says, "just hopeless."

My first word of advice, therefore, is, let him wait until he has completely recovered—he will then see his troubles in the right light. When he has reached that stage there are some questions he should endeavour to answer.

DID the farm pay when his father had it? I gather it did, because he does not tell me that amongst his other troubles he had old debts to pay off. He also adds that when he was working it with his mother they got along "fairly well."

What has led to the change? Is his whole heart and soul in his work? Or is he one of those men who are always seeking something fresh? I ask this because he tells me that he has "answered advertisements and looked for other work until he is blue in the face." And he has also tried his hand at writing for the newspapers. Any farmer will tell you to-day that it is a whole-time job to make farming pay.

My correspondent talks of losing cattle, the failure of crops and other calamities. He does not explain how

Carol Lincoln, the beautiful star of Universal's "The Lost Special"



Make your hair your crowning glory
USE

Scilma SHAMPOOS

Box of 7-1/6 each 3^d

103 2-185-68

"Terrible Cough . . . practically gone . . . after two applications"

"I have never previously written a letter of this description, but I am sending you this because your Musterole Brand Ointment has so often helped me and I feel you deserve some expression of appreciation."

"A chemist recommended it two years ago when my husband had a bad chest cold with a terrible cough. After two or three applications the cough was practically gone. He said he could feel the Musterole loosening the congestion. In a few days he was perfectly fit."

STOPPED 'FLU!

"Since then we have been regular users and only last week I am sure I stopped an almost certain attack of influenza with it."—Yours faithfully, (Mrs.) J. M. S.

That terrible, tearing sort of cough can be loosened at once by the deep-penetrating warmth of this clean, white ointment. Just rub it on the chest. You feel its tingling warmth sinking in. It goes deep down, reaches the congestion, disperses it, gives ease at once, relief after a few applications. Your chemist stocks it. Buy a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT Made in England
THOS. CHRISTY & CO. (Sole Distributors),
4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

HISTORIC FLAGS of Britain



THE RED DRAGON OF WALES



Now in every packet of Kensitas

So high is the quality of tobacco demanded for Kensitas that only the centre leaves — choicest and tenderest — from carefully selected Virginia tobaccos are used. And from these the Kensitas Private Process removes certain impurities found in every tobacco leaf. Naturally Kensitas are mild and satisfying! Naturally Kensitas taste better!

Kensitas

They're Mild . . . They Satisfy

They Taste Better



NOT the top leaves — they're under-developed — they are harsh!

The Cream of the Crop
"The mildest, smoothest tobacco"

NOT the bottom leaves — they're inferior in quality — coarse and sticky sandy!

GOOD COOKS USE BORWICKS

Smokers FIND THEM EFFECTIVE

Allenburys PASTILLES

Your Chemist stocks them
In tins, 2 oz. 8d.
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This pleasant
Dependable
LAXATIVE

ensures
SAFE RELIEF

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CONSTIPATION

Feen-a-mint is utterly safe, utterly dependable. No griping; no over-action; and it is not habit-forming. Children especially love its fresh mint flavour!

Feen-a-mint
for the whole family

Obtainable at all chemists 1/3 a box

FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and 1d. in stamps (to cover postage) to:

White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. C2),
15, Thames House,
Westminster, S.W.1

Feen-a-mint brand Chewing Confection, with laxative properties, is now obtainable in the popular

6 D. SIZE

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

EVERY CLASS OF BET
CATERED FOR

ONE SHILLING
UP TO ANY AMOUNT

may be invested in accordance with rules.

Back your fancy now for the

LINCOLN
NATIONAL

Long odds quoted for every horse.

STARTING PRICE

Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of the race will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

WINNINGS BY RETURN

No Limit—Win or Place

Favourites, Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Systems—all accepted. First Favourite also accepted for Doubles, Trebles and Accumulators.

Our "Challenger" Football Lists give choice of Six Leagues—Nothing Barred, Nothing Starred.

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.,
227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

Heavy Damages

NOT even a "sensation in court" was caused in the High Courts of Justice the other day by the award of £25,000 damages to Princess Youssopoff in what became known as the Rasputin case.

The foreman of the jury seemed to be the only person impressed. He essayed a little introductory speech before announcing the amount, an effort which Mr. Justice Avory cut short with a kindly: "All we want to know is the amount."

It has always been like that in the British civil courts. Huge sums have been awarded in damages—often involving more complete ruin for the unsuccessful litigant than if he had been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment—in such a quiet, colourless, unemotional atmosphere as that.

One pound or a hundred thousand—it makes no difference to those versed in law. The judge leans forward to write down the amount on his record; counsel for all parties speak together for a moment coolly and evenly; and the air of calm spreads even to the public gallery.

If British courts were given to excitability on such occasions, what a tumultuous time those massive stone Law Courts that dominate the Strand would have known in six weeks of April-May, 1932.

Nobody shouted

In that short space of time no less than a million and a half pounds sterling was awarded in damages, two cases alone accounting for a million pounds of it.

And no one fainted, no one shouted, no one was reprimanded, and the atmosphere was no more electrical than when a cyclist is fined half a crown for a lighting offence in a petty court.

One of the cases of those six weeks was a record-maker as far as damages awarded by a British jury are concerned. No less than £610,392 was awarded against Messrs. Waterlow to the Bank of Portugal, which had been involved in considerable loss in withdrawing from circulation and making good banknotes which that firm had printed in good faith.

The fluctuation of damages in itself was a drama. First it was fixed at £569,421. Then, on appeal, it fell to £300,000. A third and final appeal lifted it to this record sum of £610,392.

And yet throughout the several hearings there was never as demonstrative a thing as even a handshake.

If those had not been record damages, a sum awarded the very next month would have been. Damages totalling in all £383,800 were awarded against five former directors and one former accountant of the Combined Pulp and Paper

Race with
"Silver Ring"

A GOOD START

WE may be saying "Hats off to France" next week. Anyway, I am going outright for **QUARTZ II**

to win the Lincolnshire Handicap, and I trust the son of the famous Epinard will give JOHN BULL readers a good start on their journey through the Flat.

I know that the stable is very confident of success, particularly in view of the trial at Maisons.

Old Riley may run into second place, and I suggest Ole King Sole be backed each way.

I do not despair of Delaneige for the "National," although he was tailed off in the Gold Cup at Cheltenham. He was almost tailed off in the same event last year, and yet he finished fourth in the big 'chase at Aintree, while Golden Miller came a purser.

I have no doubt that Delaneige was not quite fit at Cheltenham. He had been sent to Skegness for sea treatment, which was not too good a sign.

I shall have one more opportunity of referring to the Grand National, and, as it



Princess Youssopoff leaving the High Court. She got £25,000

Mills, Ltd., a judgment that was upheld on appeal.

The damages against one man alone amounted to £267,000.

That was two years ago. The biggest sums awarded in damages since then have been small in comparison.

One was the £12,000 awarded to Mr. Barbu Jonesco, the host in this country of King Carol of Rumania when he came here as a prince without a country, as damages for libel by an evening newspaper.

Then there was the £19,000 awarded to an insurance company in respect of a libel by a now defunct journal. And £20,000 was the amount ordered to be

paid to Messrs. Lever Bros., the soap firm, by a shareholder who libelled them. In 1906 Messrs. Lever Bros. got £50,000 against each of several newspapers sued for libel.

One of the few occasions on which the sum mentioned has created a minor sensation in court was three years ago when Carnera, the giant boxer, was ordered to pay £4,200 damages for breach of promise to Miss Emilia Terzini, a former waitress in a Soho restaurant.

Expensive promise

It was a big sum for a breach of promise action—but by no means a record.

It is necessary to go back to 1913 for the heaviest "breach" damages, the £50,000 awarded to an actress as settlement of her suit against a well-known peer.

One is left to imagine how big those damages would have been if judged on modern standards. Sufficient to record that up to then the record had been £10,000 received by a Miss Fortescue back in 1884 for a breach of Lord Garmoyne's promise to wed her.

Only two years ago £5,000 was awarded to a girl because the father of her child broke his promise to marry her, a big sum that yet seems small in comparison with those £50,000 damages of the pre-war case.

A similar sum was awarded a few months after in a case in which a man admitted a promise to marry, but denied the allegation that he was the father of the woman's child.

Such an amount can be regarded as heavy "breach" damages to-day, for the financial balm awarded does not rise to the heights it used to reach in the middle of last century when, as a result, such cases were more frequent.

In fact, they get smaller year by year as our judges more and more convince juries that "breach" cases are open to grave abuses.

Husbands' compensation

In divorce cases, as in breach of promise cases, one doesn't expect to hear of the huge damages sometimes awarded in commercial cases.

The most expensive day of this kind in the Law Courts was one in November 1932, when Lord Merrivale awarded £7,500 agreed damages to a husband against a co-respondent who was described as a wealthy sausage-maker, and a few hours later awarded £5,000 against another well-to-do co-respondent. In the second case the husband made clear that he wouldn't touch a penny of the money. He only asked for damages in respect of the loss the children of the marriage had suffered. It would be paid away for them and them alone.

About the same time £5,000 was awarded to an Army major against a fellow-officer who figured as co-respondent.

Not a word . . .

Heavy Damages. . . The news that they have been awarded may have caused a stir in thousands of homes in which newspapers have carried the news.

But in the courts themselves it is different. There may be a handshake of congratulation, a delighted laugh, a whispered "Oh, we must celebrate to-night." If there is any real excitement, happy or otherwise, it is down in the hearts of the litigants and in a lesser degree, of their legal representatives.

No matter how heavy damages may be, they are just damages to the law itself, the result of a case, the natural finish of a suit. They are no excuse for the breaking of the rule of "silence in court."

Coolly, the judge scratches a few words and completes his record of the case. That is all.

is a "cherry" at which one is entitled to a couple of bites, I shall probably couple Thomond II with Delaneige.

One of the chief features of the National Hunt season—the Grand Military Meeting—will be staged at Sandown Park this week-end. I fancy And How for the Imperial Cup and Courtesy for the Grand Military 'Chase.

"SILVER RINGS" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 15, to Wednesday, March 21.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F

S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:—

W94093MY94 would read RESIDUE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. K982K98MKZ94 would read ANNANDALE

"I have
tried other
creams, of
course—

but
Pond's
is my
Favourite"



says the exquisite **LADY JUNE CHARLTON**

Lady June Charlton has the fair beauty that English women are famed for. She says "I have recently returned from India, and even in that climate I found that the use of Pond's kept my skin in perfect condition."

Beauty needn't cost you much

You too can guard the freshness of your skin, or if it is coarse textured, sallow or even lined, you can improve it, make it beautiful by the same easy method that Lady June uses. Pond's is so inexpensive that every woman can afford it—yet so good that it is chosen by the loveliest Society women.

"I pat Pond's Cold Cream into my face and neck before I have a bath," explains

Lady June, "so that the warm atmosphere opens the pores and helps the cream sink deep down to clean and nourish.

"After my bath I wipe off the cream with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, pat on Pond's Skin Freshener to close the pores, and finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect my skin, and as a base for powder."

June Charlton

Other Distinguished Users of Pond's:

THE COUNTESS HOWE • THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK • THE COUNTESS OF GALLOWAY
LADY DIANA ABBY • LADY SMILEY

Guide your skin to beauty with

POND'S
2 CREAMS

PRICES
FROM 6d

OUTGROWING HER STRENGTH.

The Girl Who Becomes Anæmic.

"She seems to be outgrowing her strength," remarked a mother anxiously about her sixteen-year-old daughter. It is just at this time, when the strength is sapped by too rapid growth, that there is danger of anæmia developing.

Usually the first signs to be noticed are peevishness, languor, headaches and back-aches. Neglected anæmia leads to decline, but if you see that your daughter's blood is enriched there need be no cause for anxiety. The finest blood tonic ever discovered is Dr. Williams' pink pills, and the pure rich blood created by these pills soon dispels all traces of anæmia.

Miss N. Peake, of "The Plough," Cardigan, Bucks, says:—"Last year had to spend three months in hospital with anæmia. This year it came back again. One day I read about Dr. Williams' pink pills and decided to give them a trial. From the first box I began to improve; my appetite returned and the colour came back to my cheeks. I have had five boxes of the pills and my friends now say how well I look."

The world-famous Dr. Williams' Brand Pink Pills can now be obtained from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (size 3s. 6d.). Get a box to-day.

FREE. All mothers of growing girls should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to G. G. Dept., 38, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

No better food for Babies exists in the wide world than **NEAVE'S FOOD**. It is rich in all the natural ingredients that make body, bone, brain and muscle. **NEAVE'S FOOD** not only builds a fine baby but ensures that the baby develops into a healthy adult. Many foods merely puff out baby. Neave's makes firm flesh and builds strong constitutions.



On sale everywhere.
Cartons 6d. Tins 1/8, 3/9

Neave's Food

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Moulded Coach-built body, softly upholstered, loose seats, tubular handles, leather cloth hood and apron, ball-bearing wheels, white ribbed cushion tyres, foot brake and mudguards. Price, Carriage Paid 50/- or 5/- monthly. Catalogue of Frames, Folding Cars, Free. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

"MY MOTHER TOLD ME...."



"SO THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE BEEN IN LONDON"

"YES I'M LIKING IT ENORMOUSLY"



"WELL, I HOPE OUR GRIMY CITY WON'T RUIN YOUR CHARMINGLY FRESH COMPLEXION."

"MY MOTHER TOLD ME HOW BEST TO AVOID THAT."



"IN BED BY TEN, I SUPPOSE, AND NO DANCES. NOT MUCH FUN"

"OH NO! TO USE KNIGHT'S CASTILE. AND NOT WORRY ABOUT PARTIES AND STUFFY OFFICES."



SOME WEEKS LATER

"MY DEAR, YOU LOOK LOVELIER EVERY DAY."

"THEN ITS THANKS TO YOU. I TOOK YOUR SUGGESTION ABOUT KNIGHT'S CASTILE."



The nervous, grimy life of cities ages women beyond their years—unless they guard against "Tired Skin" with Knight's Castile. This gently active soap stimulates

the glands of the skin, keeping your complexion young and lovely. Its creamy lather and delicate fragrance soothe skin and nerves, freshening you, invigorating you. Only fourpence a tablet. Get one to-night.

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

KC 132-364

THE NEWS HAS SPREAD

ROBBIALAC SYNTHETIC FINISH CREATES A SENSATION AMONG CYCLISTS, MOTOR-CYCLISTS AND MOTORISTS.

Seldom has a new product caught the fancy of the cycling and motoring world so completely as Robbialac Synthetic Finish—the new material for repainting and repairing the paint work on cycles and motor-cars.

Enthusiastic interest is being displayed all over the Kingdom in this truly remarkable product and thousands of cyclists and motorists are now using it to paint up their cycles and cars for the bright days ahead.

Robbialac Synthetic Finish is not a paint, not an enamel and not a cellulose product, but an entirely new material made from chemical resins. It flows on easily and evenly under the brush, dries quickly and imparts a smooth, impenetrable film which has so far been unequalled for covering power, richness of gloss and ability to stand up to real hard wear. Robbialac Synthetic Finish can be applied over wood, metal or any previously painted or cellulosed surface with the assurance that it will dry with a glass-like gloss.

If you would like to learn more about this discovery send for leaflet and colour card, or if you would prefer to try it straight away, buy a tin from any cycle or car accessory dealer. They all sell it in 1/9, 3/- and 5/9 tins.

ROBBIALAC SYNTHETIC FINISH

(Dept H.3.), Robbialac Works, Stratford, E.15.

WHAT MAKES MEN GROW WEAK?

If you are one of the thousands who are finding that the cares and worries of these difficult times are stealing all your vigour and your strength, finding you cannot make decisions as you once did, finding yourself tired out and listless here is news for you!

There is a simple, pleasant way to build up new strength and vigour which doctors have been recommending for over fifty years. It is just to take three glasses of Wincarnis a day.

You will find it delicious with its lovely aroma and bouquet, and with your very first glass you will feel new life and new vigour stealing through your veins.

For Wincarnis is the perfect tonic for men and women. The wine in every bottle contains all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes, and to it are added the vitamins and strength-building elements of beef and malt extracts.

Try Wincarnis to-day. See how delicious it is. See how very soon you find your energy coming back.

IF YOU'RE RUN-DOWN, IS IT YOUR STOMACH?

Half the times you get run-down and out of sorts, lose all your energy and interest in life, it is really the fault of your stomach. If your digestion is out of order, how can your system get the nourishment it needs?

So, if you're not feeling well, try the effect of a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the wonderful formula for indigestion that Hospitals and Doctors all over the country are using even for serious disorders like gastric and duodenal ulcers. You will find it simply marvellous how quickly Macleans will regulate your digestion and how quickly you will find your health and looks improve.

Get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder from your chemist to-day, but be sure to ask him for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Winning a MAN

a NEW LIFE

IT may sound slightly Irish if I begin by saying that my greatest hour was concentrated into about sixty seconds.

Those sixty seconds covered the period of time that was necessary to enable me to enjoy a short talk on the telephone one day not long ago. It was a talk that cheered me and heartened me and showed me that two years which had been spent in fighting for the life and soul of a human being had not been spent in vain, but had created a new life out of what was apparently just a piece of human wreckage.

My work brings me into contact with thousands upon thousands of human tragedies and comedies. I spend my days among those who have encountered suffering and trouble which they have found too heavy to be borne; among those who take the easiest way out.

I find my chief consolation in life in trying to help those whom life has brought to their knees. And it is inevitable that in this work there should be failures as well as successes.

THE hour of every success, one might say, is a greatest hour. As I look round my office or through my files or into the faces of people I may meet in the streets, I find memories and relics of scores of great hours.

This little bottle of white powder that lies in a corner of my desk, for example. That alone represents a great hour in my life—the hour when I was able to help a young man who was a drug-addict to become a respectable and useful citizen. The little bottle is a proud relic to me; it contains the last dose of drug that young man is ever likely to need. For to-day, instead of being a shivering, wild-eyed, helpless, lonely creature, he has grown into a splendid specimen of British manhood, reconciled to his wife, reinstated into the business life of the world, and, above all, in my opinion, soundly converted to God.

My experience in the underworld of city life as well as my experiences in the more prosperous world would make scores of great hours. Yet as I look

back there is one minute that stands out—the minute in which I am listening at that telephone on my desk.

Let me begin at the beginning—when the police sent to me a bedraggled human specimen and asked if I would look after him. For that is part of my work—to take in hand those who have found life too much for them and are passed on to me by the police.

This man was a tragic spectacle. He was literally soaked with Thames mud. That told its own story without any explanations from the police.

He was a middle-aged man, who had obviously seen better days. I took him in hand. He was given a bed and food, and later I found him work in one of our hostels.

I did not ask him more questions than was necessary. Those who have suffered do not relish too keen a prying into their past lives. I treated him like a human being, trying to show him that he was as good a man as any other if only he would look on the brighter side of life.

He began to work with interest in his labours. He worked at everything and anything. He scrubbed floors, peeled potatoes, made beds, laboured in the kitchen. There was nothing too menial for him. He even used occasionally to sing while engaged in his duties. I watched him with a jealous care, for I was happy to see the change that was taking place in him.

Meanwhile I was not idle in enquiring about his past. You cannot put a man on the right road again unless you have some idea of his former interests and occupation. And soon I made remarkable discoveries. It was a tragic story.

That man had been a magistrate, dispensing justice to his fellow-men. Out in one of the Colonies he had been not only a Justice of the Peace, but also a prosperous business man, with a wife and family, a motor car, a fine home.

Yet... life had become too much for him. He had had his troubles, had taken to riotous living, had ceased to be a magistrate. One of those queer streaks that occur in human nature had got him down. Finally he had parted from his wife, sold his business, given the money to her, and wandered across the ocean to London.

HE had a little money with him, but soon he fell into the hands of bad companions, the money disappeared, and he was destitute. So we find this ex-magistrate seeking for peace in the muddy waters of the Thames!

The work the Salvation Army gave him to do seemed to be reclaiming him. It gave him a new pride in labour. He went from bad to good, and from good to better. At last the time came when it was felt he could go out into the world again to work for himself.

A job was found. He went to it. I had occasional reports, but after a while they were not so good. He

seemed to be sinking again. Bad companions, loose living, throwing away his money. The signs were ominous. Soon the time came when he was going downhill again. He came back to me. I began to think of him as one of those cases for which there is no cure. But I did not despair entirely; I never do. There is always some good in the worst cases of human depravity.

SO I fought for that man. I believed that somewhere within him there was brains, ability—if he only could be made to use them. I let him know that by letting himself down he was letting the Army down, too. And he went to a new job with fresh hope and inspiration.

For a long time I heard nothing of him. He had passed out of my life. And then a ring on the telephone informed me that a miracle had been wrought in his life, and he was soundly converted and doing well, and arrangements were being made for a reconciliation and reunion with his wife and family!

Not an hour—but sixty seconds, during which I learned that the efforts in attempting to reclaim a piece of human wreckage had at last been successful. The fight for that ex-magistrate extended over two years. If he had failed me a second time I should still have gone on helping him. We never entirely despair while there is hope!



"A ring on the telephone—a miracle had happened"—Lt.-Col. Gravett

A Greatest Hour
by Lt.-Col. J. H. GRAVETT
Chief of the Salvation Army Anti-Suicide Bureau

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

WELLING AND DISTRICT JOURNAL:—"During the year one registered club's permit had been struck off and two publicans were AUCTIONEED."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Madrid, which is one of the NOISIEST cities in the world, is to be made quiet."

TOWN TALK:—"Several thousands of PONDS had come from sympathisers."

EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH:—"A sixteen-year-old boy was charged with possessing an imitation FIREMAN."

BIDEFORD WEEKLY GAZETTE:—"Miss E. A. V. WAS ORGANISED at the parish church for many years."

EAST LANCASHIRE SENTINEL AND GAZETTE:—"Boris Karloff is TARRIED next week-end in 'The Mummy.'"

AMERICAN DETECTIVE MAGAZINE:—"swore where he lay WRITING on his stomach."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"— had been a TWISTED and devoted servant."

CLAPHAM OBSERVER:—"Private BRIDE club, play daily, afternoons and evenings."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"The DYING and cleaning industry, for example, might find the service advantageous."

THE ARGUS:—"Missing Woman: A request has been made that an aeroplane should be used in the STARCH."

THE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"With a weakened TEA Dipton were soon on the defensive."

THE WESTERN EVENING HERALD:—"As to the loss £4,189 was unrepresented by available ASSES"

SUN-STARVED!



"Then it dawned on me why he was always ill in winter"

"Mickey's birthday is in March, when the weather's most treacherous. I used to dread it coming round—sure enough he'd be in bed instead of having his party. All winter he seemed to have nothing but colds and coughs," writes Mrs. Shannon, 17 Charlwood Place, S.W.1.

"One winter he was ill 3 weeks on end and I couldn't get him eating again. He was losing weight too. Then a doctor said we must build Mickey up, and said Scott's Emulsion would do that. Well, in a month the way Mickey was eating and putting

on weight! I could hardly believe it. Now he's hardly ever ill.

"Strange how it only dawned on me the other day why Mickey was ill every winter. He was sun-starved. Scott's made him strong by giving him sunshine all the winter."

HOW SCOTT'S GIVES "SUNSHINE"

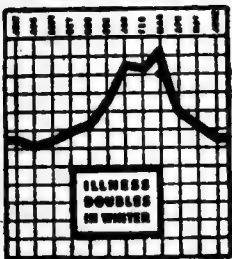
Doctors explain that each table-spoonful of Scott's has the health value of 2 hours summer sunshine. Builds bone and flesh. Makes blood. Actually prevents illness. Keep your child safe on Scott's now.



"In 14 days she began to change"

says Mrs. Sutherland, 26 King's Avenue, S.W. "Betty was never rid of winter colds and couldn't put on weight. Then I remembered Scott's was recommended to me back in 1906. I started Betty on it and in 14 days she began to change. She put on 5 lbs. the first month. Now she never has winter colds."

TWICE AS MANY CHILDREN ILL IN WINTER



Now is the most dangerous time for your child—after being sun-starved for 4 months. Start a course of Scott's now. Don't miss a single day, a single dose!



ALL ABOUT BABY

IN THE FAMOUS "LITTLE RED BOOK"

Everyone loves a baby! But the bonny laughing baby is the one that attracts attention and wins praise and envy for the proud Mother.

The secrets of sturdy health and happy disposition are to be found in Steedman's famous little red book, "Hints to Mothers," as generations have found to their profit and delight.

In this little book every bothersome baby ailment is dealt with in simple form. Advice as to symptoms and treatment, and guidance as to what to do in cases of accident or serious illness while awaiting the doctor.

As to Steedman's Powders themselves, it is hardly necessary to reiterate their wonderful properties.

Made especially for childhood's years, they promote healthy regularity, banishing constipation and its attendant ills, purifying the blood stream and keeping it cool. From teething time until fourteen years of age there is no safer or gentler aperient.

These famous powders can be obtained everywhere at three-halfpence for a single powder. When buying, look for the double E.E. which protects your little one's health.

And the "Hints to Mothers" booklet is free and post free if you send a postcard, mentioning John Bull to John Steedman and Co., 210, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

DANGEROUS DAYS

Dangerous days for your hands are here. For Winter roughens... reddens and coarsens... So let Glymiel Jelly take care of your hands and coax them to new loveliness.

"I feel I must let you know how beneficial I have found your Glymiel Jelly. I have suffered for years with very bad cracks in my hands during Winter, and have tried all kinds of remedies without success. Your Glymiel Jelly was recommended to me, and since using it, although this winter has been most severe, my hands are in perfect condition."

Mrs. N. G. W., Essex.

Keep your hands safely white and smooth all the Winter by using Glymiel Jelly.

GLYMIEL JELLY.

Tubes 3d., 6d. and 1/-.

FULL OF COLD TO-DAY QUITE WELL TOMORROW

Within 24 hours 'QUINCASCA' Cold Cure Tablets will clear your system of cold—bring down your temperature, relieve catarrh, headache and lassitude. Sold with a Satisfaction-or-Money-Back Guarantee. Get a tin to-day and try them.

Tin of 30, 1/3; Family size 3 times the quantity 3/- All Chemists, or post free from Laboratories (Dept. 8 C.), 12 Chancery St. London, W.C1

QUINCASCA Cold Cure Tablets **FREE** Send postcard for trial sample. Sold with a Satisfaction-or-Money-Back Guarantee.

TO MEN & WOMEN OF ALL AGES—ESPECIALLY THOSE OVER FORTY



Here is the secret of youthful middle-age!

The researches of E. Buerger, M.D., Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne, have provided a simple means of revitalization and rejuvenation, the efficacy of which has not only been established by clinical tests, but also by the actual experience of countless thousands of people over forty.

It is known the world over as 'PHYLLOSAN' brand of chlorophyll tablets. Not a patent medicine, these tablets contain no deleterious drugs, no animal extracts. Their essential constituent is the basic substance of all vital energy—"the most wonderful substance in our world."

Start taking 'Phyllosan' tablets to-day! They will revitalize your blood, rejuvenate your arteries, fortify your heart, speed up your metabolic processes, strengthen your nerves and increase all your physical and vital forces. Soon you will be saying—"I feel as young and as vitally alive as I did ten or twenty years ago."

And it is so easy! Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals. But if you take them regularly, the results will astonish you. Of all chemists, 3/- and 5/-. Get the 5/- size. It contains double quantity, and is therefore more economical.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' TABLETS TO-DAY!

FREE! Novel Tablet-container! We offer you a novel tablet-container in coloured bakelite, for pocket or handbag, which will take twelve tablets so that they can be shaken out two at a time. This container will be sent FREE, together with a copy of our book "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World," on receipt of coupon and 1d. stamp for postage.



POST THIS COUPON

To Natural Chemicals Ltd. (Dept. 47), 28 St. John's Lane, E.C.1.

I enclose 1d. stamp for postage. Please send me one of your new pocket containers for 'Phyllosan' tablets, together with free book. J.D. 17/3/34.

Name.....

Address.....

Write in BLOCK LETTERS. Send stamp in sealed envelope.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture of 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets.

Dog's COAT LOOSE



—a common trouble, quickly cured
by Bob Martin's Condition Powders

If a stranger, coming into your house, can tell from the state of the carpets and chairs that you have a dog, then your dog is in very poor condition. For loose coat is a blood disorder caused by an accumulation of food impurities in the blood. Loose coat is not only a nuisance, but a danger sign that more serious blood disorders, such as eczema, will follow if you neglect to condition your dog. He will continue to shed his coat until you condition him, for only dogs with pure blood can grow lovely, firm coats. You don't know what a beautiful coat your dog can grow until you give him a ten days' course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which remove every impurity from the blood. And when you see his coat take on its healthy "bloom," then preserve his fitness and his lovely coat by conditioning him weekly in the correct way—(a Bob Martin's Condition Powder three times a day on two successive days in every week).

2s. 6d. tins of 25 powders: 6d. packets of 5—everywhere.

**BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS**
Keep dogs fit ALWAYS



EASY MONEY

Save cash and get a
real smoke with A.G.

Be your own cigarette manufacturer and pocket the profits—it's cheaper to roll your own with A.G. Papers. You get something worth calling a smoke—all the flavour and freshness of the tobacco wrapped in this thinner paper that is pure.

Insist on A.G.'s—they're worth it.

Start now! A.G. fits all machines
and gives the best results.



AG

The paper
of 50 years'
reputation
for quality.

REAL RELIEF

for dry, husky,
tickling throats.



DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

**VICK
LOZENGES**

A 24-hour clock at Greenwich
Observatory. How soon shall
we wear its small brothers on
our wrists?

ARE we drawing nearer at last to the 24-hour clock? The burning advocates of this system that is already in general use on the Continent and almost general use in India say that we are. They believe that within two years, probably less, your 6.30 p.m. train home will be the 18.30, your 10 o'clock last collection of letters the 22.00.

They say that the action of the B.B.C. in adopting what is known as Continental time for use in the near future, to test the attitude of the British public, will give the country the lead for which it has long been waiting.

If such a change comes the 24 hours comprising a calendar day will be numbered from one to 24, instead of being split, as at present, into two sets of 12 hours.

Many of our new clocks would have hour hands that would make one revolution of the face only between midnight and midnight. And on others, the figures from 13 to 24 would be painted beneath those from 1 to 12, the 13 beneath the 1, the 14 beneath the 2, and so on.

But will such a change, which would affect our lives not inconsiderably, come about?

In answer to this, JOHN BULL can make an important revelation which will show that, unless the B.B.C. action meets with definite public disapproval, it will.

That disclosure, in brief, is that on several occasions since the war the General Post Office and the British railways have shown a willingness to make such a change, which has only failed to fructify because each has wanted the other to start first.

What say the public?

As recently as 1929 the Postmaster-General, then Lord Londonderry, tactfully suggested to the railways that they might adopt the system. The railways replied that they wanted the Post Office to try first.

For a few weeks there was a frantic working out of the cost that would be entailed. It would mean new clocks or clock-faces for both services, the destruction of large numbers of forms and manuals, new time-tables in the case of the railways and new obliterating stamps for the post offices.

Then, face to face with the approximate expense, and the remote danger that the public would refuse to acknowledge any other method of timekeeping than the one they had grown up with, each dropped the idea because the other would not make the experiment first.

Now there is to be such a lead. The B.B.C. will settle once and for all whether there will be public opposition to the change or not.

So when you hear that experiment "on the ether," with talk of the next item following at 19 o'clock, or 22 o'clock, or whatever it may be, rest assured that both the Post office and the railways will be watching the development carefully, prepared to follow if it is successful.

The significance of that may not be apparent at once. It is to those who know the whole story of the 24-hour clock.

They know a country is bound to follow the system used by its postal service and its railways, that this is how the change began in every country at present using the "Continental clock."

It is obvious that everything depends on what the public think of this B.B.C. experiment, or whether we are too conservative in our tastes to tolerate such a change.

Our fighting services utilised the 24-hour system during the war in order to co-operate more effectively with our Continental Allies.

They found it was so effective in ruling out a vast number of errors possible under the present system—errors that would have cost lives at that time

Is Twenty-Four O'Clock Coming?

—that our Navy, Army and Air Force have used it ever since.

In fact, it is employed by every one of His Majesty's services—consular, trade missions, and so on—throughout the world.

Our astronomers use it, although they begin and end their 24-hour cycle at midday instead of midnight. Co-operation with observatories abroad would be impossible if they didn't.

Just think—Greenwich Observatory uses it, although you expect Greenwich to give the world the time on the 12-hour basis.

The majority of our scientists employ it; our Meteorological Office, too, knowing that all sorts of wrecks might occur if we confused sailors by giving them such information as gale warnings on the present 12-hour plan.

Its adoption by the Nautical Almanack means that our Mercantile Marine has to use it, for bridge purposes, at least. It is the method employed in giving high-tide and low-tide, sunrise and sunset.

This is funny—

Imperial Airways have to use 24-hour clocks because, unless they did—serving, as they do, nearly thirty different countries in three different continents—confusion might result. The B.B.C. has been handicapped, up to the present, in not using it, because broadcasting has become so international a business that uniformity is necessary throughout Europe.

When the broadcasting authorities of the different European countries meet, their discussion of hours is always based on the "Continental clock."

The newest huge corporation in the history of the Empire—the Central Electricity Board—has adopted it as well. Electricity is wanted the whole clock round, and they have found that use of a 24-hour clock rules out possibilities of serious mistake.

America doesn't use it, and that is funny, seeing that it was born at the Washington Conference in 1884.

Leading railway authorities in this country have often pressed for its adoption, especially the London Underground system, with its 20 hours' service out of every 24. They have pointed out that they have used all sorts of symbols to distinguish between ante- and post-meridian lines, and have found them all uncertain and clumsy.

The opponents of the change have concentrated on two lines of argument. One has been the expense, and the other the difficulty of teaching the mass of

people anything new. It has been said that tens of thousands of people would never be able to learn even so simple a thing as this.

On top of those has been the argument employed by Lord Moynihan, that the division of the day into two sets of 12 hours recognises the biological truth that the part of the day is intended for work and part for repose.

In his opinion it is well—particularly in these strenuous days—that the clock should keep us reminded of this fact.

The 24-hour system was practised long before the method at present used.

What we forget

It was the ancient Greeks who split the 24 hours into two periods of 12 hours.

But they did it by dividing the hours between sunrise and sunset into 12 and calling the divisions hours of daylight, and then dividing the time between sunset and sunrise by 12 again and calling the divisions hours of night.

In this way the hours of night were sometimes longer than the hours of daylight, and at other times the reverse was the case.

In summer-time the day hour was long and the night hour corresponding short.

And, what is more, they cleverly adapted their water-clocks to meet the daily change in the length of the various hours.

We decided to do away with the Greek innovation.

And so, in the course of time, we standardised the hours.

But in doing so we completely forgot to do away, as well, with the practice of dividing the day into halves.

Now, in an age of wireless broadcasting, 120-miles-an-hour air liners, and ocean greyhounds, we are to see the method of the ancients adapted to the newest of all discoveries—broadcasting.

Will it become more than an experiment?

CUP-FINAL MYSTERY?

Will the coming Cup Final provide such a sensation as that between Arsenal and Newcastle three years ago? It was argued that Newcastle had scored after the ball had been out of play, but the referee had been out of his decision. Finally, a slow motion film revealed the indisputable fact that the ball had actually been a few inches across the line for a fraction of a second.

Where had the referee's eyes been? A flicker of an eyelid is sufficient to cover up a vital action that happens in a split second. In a remarkable article in *The Passing Show*, out on Friday, March 16, J. Murray Smith tells the story of other fateful split seconds in the history of sport.

Don't miss these surprising disclosures by one of *The Passing Show's* most popular writers.



NESTLÉ'S MILK

makes
any COCOA
nicer . . .

Castols

The safe, pleasant aperient for children and adults, approved by 24 years' experience. No discomfort. No change in diet necessary. Not habit-forming. Everybody needs a laxative occasionally—and everybody likes Castols. You will find them really good.

One Castol (three sections) is a dose for an adult. One or two sections for children according to age.

Only 2d for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

• TEST TO-NIGHT—
FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW •

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for the GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Knew Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.



WRITE FOR PATTERNS Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Costumes, Frocks, Fur, Underwear, Coats, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with self measurement form and all particulars will be sent you per return.

J. & GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

LAST NIGHT'S BOURN-VITA IS HELPING HER NOW

I get through my day's work without feeling tired . . .

writes Mrs. S. of Edmonton



THE GREAT SUCCESS OF BOURN-VITA for sleep and energy is due to the high quality of the ingredients and to the help it gives the digestion because of its rich content of MALT DIASTASE.



This diastase in Bourn-vita remains active under all ordinary digestive conditions. ★

★ PROOF of the above is available to any doctor on request.



If you work—no matter *what* your work—you will be interested in the following letter, one of the many which reach Cadbury's every day:

"... I find Bourn-vita is all that you claim it to be... I find I have double the amount of energy and get through my day's tedious work without feeling tired like I used to do. The children like it also, and I have noticed a change in them. They have good natural sleep and get up the following morning fresh, and they do not get tired and irritable..."

Bourn-vita can help YOU TOO—Yes, in all you have to do: Start drinking it to-night and note the difference. Good sleep at night, more energy by day will soon make lighter work for you of everything.

Bourn-vita is the last word in modern food-drinks—the outcome of Cadbury's century of experience as food-drink specialists and of the latest discoveries in dietetics. It is perfect nourishment, most rapidly assimilated, and a great aid towards good digestion:

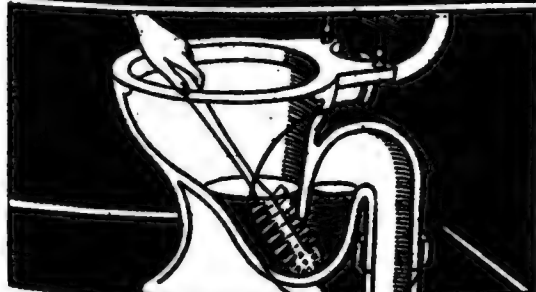
½ LB. 9d. ½ LB. 1/5 WEIGHT GUARANTEED

Cadbury's

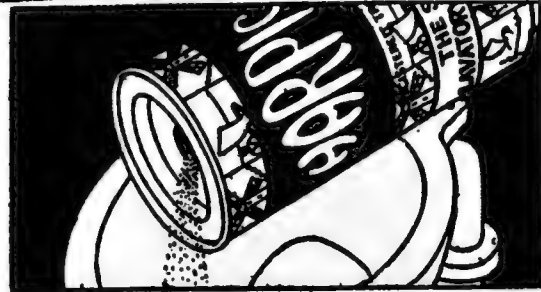
BOURN-VITA

FOR SLEEP AND ENERGY

"AT LAST I NEEDN'T CARE WHO SEES MY LAVATORY"



"I'VE STOPPED THIS NOW—no more of this unpleasant scrubbing for me, now I know the brush can't possibly be cleaning the lavatory-pan properly, because it can't reach the bend in the pipe as Harpic does."



"NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE of Harpic cleans the lavatory-pan for me easily in one operation, removes the cause of odours, and does it safely, without dangerous acids, or any of the usual disagreeable scrubbing."



"A SPOTLESS, SANITARY LAVATORY-PAN is assured by the strong disinfectant action of Harpic when dissolved in the water. Harpic safeguards your family's health—it does its work thoroughly, and lightens yours, as if by magic."

HARPIC—CLEANS and DISINFECTS LAVATORY-PANS 6d. 1/- & 1/9 HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD. HULL AND LONDON—HARPIC

Indigestion Sufferers Here is New Hope



How much longer are you going to neglect slight or serious symptoms of indigestion? We tell you and can prove that the truly wonderful new-principle remedy—De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion will most surely help you to end your terrible health-wrecking trouble.

Every day more and more letters tell us that in cases of Sour Acid Stomach, Palpitation, Flatulence, Heartburn, Burning, Gripping Pains, this quick-action remedy is wonderful.

Where everything has failed, this new remedy has ended awful pain and built, once again, sound digestion. Stop your pain and danger now. Go to your chemist and get a supply of

DE WITT'S
ANTACID POWDER
FOR INDIGESTION 1/6

Painful Piles!

Because pile trouble is rarely mentioned few people know what a wonderful remedy for this dreadful ailment MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy really is. For internal, external, blind or bleeding piles there is nothing better. Why let this agonising trouble wear you out? Man Zan is sold in clean, easy-to-use tubes, price 3/-.

Weak Kidneys CAUSE UNTOLD AGONIES

Don't be a Too-old, Worn-out Man

Down-dragging weakness, constant dull pain in the back, bladder trouble, exhaustion, impure blood, uric acid pains, bad nights, feeling too-old, worn-out... something must be done quickly.

Weak kidneys are the real cause of these painful, crippling troubles. You want to get back manly vigour, the strength to enjoy your work and pleasures. Well then, start with De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills now. This famous remedy makes you feel fine and vigorous. It conquers weak back, tired-out, too-old feeling. In 24 hours you see their quick, blood-purifying action. Persevere, and your body pains, your weakness will end. No more exhausted feeling. Others will envy your new-found health and strength. You surely want to be pain-free, healthy and happy—well, get the remedy tried and trusted for 50 years and remember the name—

DE WITT'S
BRAND
Kidney and Bladder PILLS

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3-. Larger, more economical size, 3-.

If I had a SECOND CHANCE—

ON my wedding morning it dawned upon me with a dreadful clearness that I did not love the man I was about to marry. All around me was chatter and excitement, and I lacked the moral courage to say the wedding could not go on; that I had made a terrible mistake.

Could I have a second chance, I would be honest to myself and to the man I married under false pretences.

I would tell the true state of my feelings at whatever cost; then I should not be tormented all my life by the thought of a moral cowardice that has ruined two lives.—Mrs. C., Sussex.

Orders Obeyed

In trying to get on in the world, I became a "Yes" man. Abandoning any claim to common rights, I conciliated my superiors by every means in my power; their word was law—there was no order, however unreasonable, that I did not obey without question.

Now I realise why I haven't made any progress. Given a second chance I should still be willing, energetic and obedient.

But I should also bear in mind that men who sink their individuality in cringing obedience to the slightest whim of their employers are invariably passed over for those with courage and spirit.—T. R., Brighton.

Nothing Left

Instead of being born in too easy circumstances, I would choose to be "up against it." All my life I've been a big toad in a small puddle. At school and classes it was no trouble to keep ahead of the crowd; the best player in a small town tennis club. I missed opposition which might have led me to Wimbledon. My first article was accepted by a London newspaper, but I saw no need to dig in and make a profession of it. Inheriting a comfortable income from investments gave no inducement to extend myself.

Now, when over sixty, the world slump has wiped out my income, and I've nothing left but regrets over what I might have been.—H. W. P., Eastleigh.

Not Engaged

Shortly after I started in business on my own I advertised for a clerk. One of the applicants seemed in every way suitable, and I told him he could start the following week.

At the conclusion of the interview he

seemed uneasy, and finally blurted out: "I must tell you, sir, that I have been in prison." I was very surprised, and told him that I could not engage him. He attempted to explain, but I would not listen.

He looked utterly dejected as he left my office, and if I could only have a second chance, he should have his.—A. J., Purley.

Lesson Learned

When my employer said, "I'll want you to work late, but can't pay you extra until business improves," I agreed. Very soon I missed my evening pleasure, grumbled, and was curtly told to look for another position.

My successor is already reaping rewards

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s will be paid for each letter published 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, March 20.

The Worst Luck I Ever Had

for willingness to oblige, and I've learned that pleasure is a very bare bone when there's no pay envelope to help fill the ladder.

However, my late "boss" is a sport. He knows I've had my lesson, and has promised to give me another chance soon.—Er-Agent, Seaham.

Name Withdrawn

During my schooldays my teacher told my parents I would never have the ability to pass an examination for entrance to a secondary school.

To him sport was a hindrance to study, and as my cherished position in the school team meant my occasional absence from the "after school" coaching, on his advice my parents withdrew my name from the list.

Now, having reached the position of chief engineer's secretary in a large Midland concern, I still wonder what I might have been to-day if I'd had a second chance to take that examination.—W. G. G., Birmingham.

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on March 17

ENGLISH CUP—SEMI-FINAL.

- (1) Leicester v. PORTSMOUTH (at Birmingham).
- (2) VILLA v. Manchester City. (at Huddersfield).

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) LIVERPOOL v. Birmingham.
- (2) SHEFFIELD U. v. Newcastle.
- (3) STOKE v. Middlesbrough.
- (4) HOTSPUR v. W.B. Albion.
- (5) Chelsea v. Wednesday.
- (6) DERBY v. Sunderland.
- (7) WOLVES v. Blackburn.

SECOND DIVISION.

- (1) WEST HAM v. Bury.
- (2) BRENTFORD v. Blackpool.
- (3) GRIMSBY v. Millwall.
- (4) BOLTON v. Southampton.
- (5) BRADFORD v. Swansea.
- (6) Burnley v. Bradford City.
- (7) MANCHESTER U. v. Fulham.
- (8) Forest v. Lincoln.
- (9) OLDHAM v. Port Vale.
- (10) PLYMOUTH v. Hull.
- (11) PRESTON v. Notts County.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

- (1) GILLINGHAM v. Orient.
- (2) BRISTOL R. v. Brighton.
- (3) WATFORD v. Torquay.
- (4) READING v. Northampton.
- (5) BOSCOMBE v. Newport.
- (6) Cardiff v. NORWICH.
- (7) CHARLTON v. Q.P. Rangers.
- (8) COVENTRY v. Luton.
- (9) C. Palace v. Swindon.
- (10) EXETER v. Bristol City.
- (11) SOUTHEND v. Aldershot.

NORTHERN SECTION.

- (1) Southport v. Stockport.
- (2) WREXHAM v. Carlisle.
- (3) ACCRINGTON v. N. Brighton.
- (4) Rochdale v. WALSALL.
- (5) CHESTERFIELD v. Rotherham.
- (6) Darlington v. Halifax.
- (7) GATESHEAD v. Crewe.
- (8) HARTLEPOOLS v. Barrow.
- (9) Mansfield v. Doncaster.
- (10) TRANMERE v. York.
- (11) BARNLEY v. Chester.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

- (1) Hibernian v. CELTIC.
- (2) St. Johnstone v. Queen of South.
- (3) DUNDEE v. Airdrie.
- (4) Ayr v. Cowdenbeath.
- (5) CLYDE v. Queen's Park.
- (6) Falkirk v. Hearts.
- (7) MOTHERWELL v. Partick.
- (8) RANGERS v. Kilmarnock.
- (9) Third Lanark v. St. Mirren.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the Daily Herald and Sporting Life each Friday morning.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

Example Code.—Div. I.—4 (H); Div. II.—3 (H); Southern Section—6 (A); Northern Section—5 (H); Scottish League—7 (H) would indicate Hotspur Grimsby, Norwich, Chesterfield and Motherwell.



He Stayed Down

He hit me again; I crashed to the floor. Beaten as I was, I could have gone on but to escape more terrible punishment I stayed down and was counted out.

But at the ringside they recognised the yellow streak. I lost my place in the boxing team, and soon all interest in the grandest game on earth.

Oh! to feel that blow again! Then stagger upright, and go battling on.—"Soft Man," Gateshead.

Conscience-Stricken

While cycling along a main road I noticed a five-year-old waiting to cross. I thought of helping her, but I was in a hurry, and there were other people nearer. I cycled on.

There was a grinding of brakes, scream, then silence. A lorry had knocked the child down. Police arrived, and she was taken to hospital, helpless.

She died, and it is on my conscience.—A. S. M., Cambridge.

"Not Yet"

He and I had known and loved one another for years. I was twenty-two when he asked me to marry him, but, jealous of my career and my independence, answered, "Not yet."

He didn't wait; and the knowledge that it was an obvious case of "rebound" did nothing to console me in my loss.

Years have passed and I am accounted "lucky" and "successful." Yet in the evenings, alone in my "bachelor" flat I still yearn for the impossible—a chance to say "Yes!"—D. S., Bloomsbury.

Too Late

Walking into an unemployed club I met an old workmate, who, after conversing on minor details, asked me if I would go half-share with his sweepstake ticket.

I remarked that I couldn't whilst unemployed, but after leaving the club I determined I would find 5s. somehow.

A week later I found a job, and after receiving my first pay, made it my business to look for my pal. I found him, but was informed that another friend had accepted the offer.

The ticket won £100, and I've never had a second chance.—"Unlucky Sport," Beverley.

Haughty Delinquent

"Light fingers" were his failing. After many lapses, and as many expressions of regret, I'd to send him away. As he left he said: "I'd rather starve than ask you again for reinstatement," and he meant it.

His present position is unenviable, and I often wish he'd pocket his pride, and give me another chance to help him to his feet.

It isn't always the fault of the employer that the first fall should be fatal; occasionally it's the haughtiness of the delinquent.—"Employer," Nottingham.

Promoted

"I'll leave her to you, Mr. Mate; keep a sharp look-out and don't move till I clear," said the skipper of a tramp steamer fog-bound outside her home port.

"Aye, aye, sir," I replied, though I badly wanted to get home.

Soon I decided to risk everything, and cautiously crept up the river. Three hours later the "old man" woke up in dock.

He was furious; I was too happy to care. For gaining a day on the voyage we were both promoted. So if I had a second chance I'd repeat my offence.—"Impetuous," Winsford.

Nine months' idleness has taught me a sense of values; and when I get another job I'll not forget that the only honest exchange for an hour's pay is—sixty minutes' work truly done.—"Etc.," Notts.

I would choose prison in preference to participation in a hellish war which has caused me to limp about on crutches—a lifelong cripple.—J. E. B. Lotherian.

I should choose the same parents, same husband, same children, and live my life over again.—Mrs. M., Sandjford.

TORTURES OF NEURITIS SUBDUED BY PHOSFERINE



Major W. E. Beamish writes:

"I have suffered from Neuritis in my leg since the late War, and the pain is intense at times, especially at night, and about six months ago I started taking Phosferine, with the result that I always get a good night's rest, free from pain, and feel fit and well in the morning. What Phosferine has done for me is wonderful, and I say to anyone who suffers like I have from Neuritis, try it! Phosferine subdues all pain, and I would not be without it."

North Lodge, Maidenhead.

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WITHOUT PURGATIVES
OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed feeling
you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine. For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned. It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 2/3 and 3/-.

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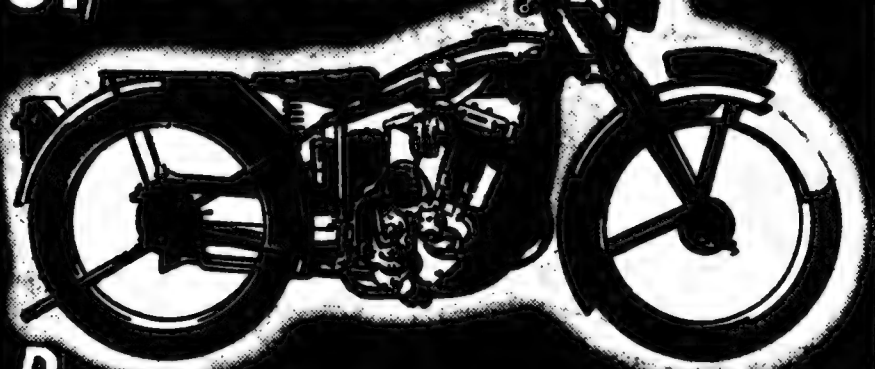
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DEREK OLDHAM—Flowerette. Mairie my girl. B.8121, 2/6
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Mrs. W. K. (Northampton).—"Since my husband took up boxing I can't get him up in the morning." Try counting ten over the bed.



The EDITOR Laughs Last

PAUL (York).—"What do you usually wear at Aintree?" A sad expression.

STUDENT (Bolton).—"I am convinced that a fish diet strengthens the brain." Well, try it.

REBEL (Torquay).—"When should a man raise his hat to a lady?" When he knows her.

S. O. O. (Cardiff).—"Even the hairs of our head are numbered." And a few of us could do with some back numbers.

Mrs. N. (Bedford).—"How can I get red paint off my hands?" Offer it for sale below cost price.

EMPLOYER (Bradford).—"I always pay a compliment when I can." That doesn't settle your bill, though, does it?

MOTORIST (Ely).—"On minor roads many authorities ignore potholes." You want them looked into?

O. A. (Birmingham).—"Errand-boys on their bicycles are great nuisances." Except when they are bringing your goods?

TRAVELLER (Edinburgh).—"A lion will sooner attack a man than a woman." The slimming craze has its advantages.

ELDER (Fulham).—"I shall never get any pleasure in seeing women in trousers." Dressmaker?

CONFECTIONER (Derby).—"One should put sweets where dust cannot get at them." Our small nephew always does.

B. B. (Cockfosters).—"The strap-hangers' grievance is a real one." And they won't stand much more?

C. M. (Oxford).—"It is said that Al Capone was once a professional cocktail-shaker." He's behind more bars than ever now.

G. B. (London, N.).—"I once worked in a sardine-packing factory, but I soon bettered myself." What are you now? Railway porter?

A. G. M. (Aldershot).—"As a poor artist I have just managed to scrape enough together to buy a ticket in the Irish sweep." Hoping to draw a horse?

T. O. (Highgate).—"Poets are very absentminded." We heard of one the other day who wandered into a bank and tried to cash an editorial rejection slip.

G. F. (Brighton).—"Why do so many people travel hundreds of miles to see the Grand National at Aintree?" Because that is where the race is run.

P. D. H. (Burnley).—"What steps can I take to stop a man upstairs knocking on the floor and causing flakes of plaster to drop into my tea?" Drink cocoa.

CYCLIST (Ipswich).—"I came across a broken down lorry the other day and lots of bricks were all over the road." Did you think a new housing estate was being developed?

MOTHER (Bridgend).—"No small boy would ever say he enjoyed washing his hands." Unless it was washing his hands of the whole business of washing his hands.

never work in this country." No, think of six wives in a kitchenette.

D. N. (Rochester).—"What do you think my wife uses to beat her carpets?" Her husband.

J. O. (Lincoln).—"I have set up in business as a hatter." Making any headway?

F. N. (Bermondsey).—"The audience egged me on." That was better than being egged off.

CARPENTER (Hove).—"Nearly all ladders are made of wood." Many are made of silk stockings.

G. G. (Stockport).—"The secret of health in Russia is growing a beard." The only difficulty is keeping it a secret.

J. O. (Llandudno).—"Golf is the first thing a man takes up when he requires exercise." The second is turf.

PUGILIST (Wapping).—"Do you know how I deliver my best punches?" By hand.

HEALTHY (Coventry).—"To me, the most important part of a town is its open spaces." Are you a park keeper?

CLERIC (Oxford).—"I never rehearse my sermons before delivering them." You don't practice what you preach?

MODIST (Mayfair).—"Lovely gowns are already being made for Ascot." But men will just put their shirts on as usual.

VIOLIN (Sevenoaks).—"I was very annoyed when my mistress told me to pack my bag." Did you expect her to do it for you?

LONELY (Sandgate).—"While out for a walk by myself the other evening, every gate had a fellow and girl by it." Did you feel the odd man out?

UNCLE (Glasgow).—"My nephew always rattles his money-box when I visit him. What can I do about it?" Tell him you're a near relation.



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R. T. (Enfield).—"How does one start out as a dentist?" By stopping.

DES PONDENT (Chelmsford).—"I'm sick and tired of addressing envelopes." Stick it!

F. N. (Totnes).—"You can't rise in the world by standing still." Ever been in a lift?

H. N. (Newmarket).—"I was thrown from the horse three times." One of your off days.

G. L. (Stevenage).—"A writer asserts that horses have a sense of humour." They love chaff.

E. N. (Putney).—"One will see many famous Boat Race figures in London this week." 8's, for instance?

G. F. D. (Matlock).—"Polygamy would never work in this country." No, think of six wives in a kitchenette.

D. N. (Rochester).—"What do you think my wife uses to beat her carpets?" Her husband.

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UNCLE (Glasgow).—"My nephew always rattles his money-box when I visit him. What can I do about it?" Tell him you're a near relation.

D. B. (Hull).—"I have just seen a pig with five intervals." The author must have shares in a brewery.

DONALD (Inverness).—"On my birthday I resolved never to drink any more."

EMILY (Lincoln).—"All my family object to my fiancé." Perhaps his car is only a two-seater.

R. W. M. (Glasgow).—"I would like to hear what you think of my enclosed story." You wouldn't.

F. M. (Portsmouth).—"What good does stone-breaking do to a convict?" teaches him to mend his path.

NEWLY-WED (Kenton).—"I hate parting from my wife." After a while, you hate parting to her.

D. F. (Bolton).—"One day we shall be able to see each other when telephoning. Then subscribers will get a look in."

N. B. (Coventry).—"Which came first, the hen or the egg?" Were you driving a car, or making a speech?

COMEDIAN (Berwick).—"We did sort of double-turn on the stage, but now we have separated." Joking apart.

FOOTBALL FAN (Bury).—"Can you suggest a suitable name for my new house which has a big gate?" Cup Final.

F. J. (Orpington).—"Many a man does not go out at night because of the danger he runs." On reaching home?

SCHOOLBOY (King's Lynn).—"My teacher says history repeats itself. Don't you sometimes wish it would?"

BUSINESS MAN (London, E.C.).—"The man who hangs about can never make good at his job." Unless he happens to be a trapeze artist, of course.

F. D. (Leeds).—"Women combine the grace of the deer with the cunning of the fox." Yes, but unfortunately the ratio is one to umpteen.

T. B. (Chesham).—"You can pick up terrible things from parrots." But nothing to what parrots pick up from some sailors.

T. B. (Norwich).—"Those people who don't vote when there is an election ought to lose their votes." The candidates lost them, anyway.

Mrs. W. (Sudbury).—"I have just read a book which gives the secret of making hot-cross buns in a nutshell." Another method is to use an oven.

BETTY (Ipswich).—"All my friends inhale when smoking, but it never gives us palpitations." Another proof that modern girls have no hearts.

F. G. A. (Swansea).—"Most men of note have had to work years for their fame. Yet for half an hour's work this evening you can become a man of 1,600 notes. See £2,000 offer on page 43."

ARCHITECT (Barnstaple).—"I have designed a gasometer that looks like a castle." The original of this kind of architecture is, of course, the House of Commons.

C. T. (Everton).—"Some youngsters are continually striving to reach the top of the tree." Especially when they haven't any money to pay the entrance fee to the football match.

F. M. (Sandgate).—"It is a new fashion in America to get married at sunrise. The bridegroom is awakened at the first hour of dawn, partakes of a hearty breakfast and walks with unfaltering steps to meet his fate."

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post,
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marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor
of "John Bull."
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award
of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between
the following 23 competitors from whom we received solutions
containing one error and who will each receive £4 10s. 11d.:—
Bentley, F. 18, Lichfield Rd., Algburth, Liverpool; Cucha, J.,
1, Field Terr., Pimlico Rd., Boston, Lincs; Darrell, R.,
1, Oxford Rd., Cleveley, Blackpool; Deva, Mrs. E.,
4, Roberts Av., Marshfield, Leeds; Dillon, J. W. C., Lough Rd.,
Lurgan; Dudley, J. 11, Mopfield St., Bolton; Farnham, H., 44,
Sunfield Rd., Oldham; Fox, M. S. E., Greenhays Rd., Liver-
pool; Gorman, E., Murrayhill Mount, Buxley; Hynes, B. E.,
7, Albany St., Middleton, Manchester; Ledger, Mrs. W., 7,
Peter St., Farnham, W. Swanscombe; Lowley, Mrs. E., 2, Emerald
Bank, Bishopston, York; Miles, F. W., 90, Howard Rd., Forest
Gate, E. 7; Palmer, E., 28, Salisbury Rd., Grays, Essex; Palmer,
E., 2, Monkton Terr., Jarrow; Pluck, H., 112, Alexandra Rd.,
Westcliff-on-Sea; Pratt, Mrs. D., 2, Caithness Drive, Liverpool;
Richards, L. S., Silvermere, Holly Gardens, Margate; Shaw,
Miss E., 47, Lower Chapel St., Ilkerton; Wake, R., 9, Court,
6, Taylor St., Bailey; Watkins, M. S. T., Wern Dee Villa,
Prestwyn, Treharris.
An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who
submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.
Another splendid £1-Word with a Life Pension of £3 a week,
plus £500 cash, appears on Page 48 together with prices for
Runners-up. Try your skill now!

FAMOUS HAIR-BEAUTY PREPARATIONS FREE!

Readers can test, free of charge, any 3 of the
world-famous and proved Harlene preparations
offered on the Back Cover. Simply attach the
Special Sample Coupon to your name and address
and enclose stamps for postage, etc.

LET'S BOTH BUY A HERCULES

The 1934 Hercules range —
(beginning with the better-than-
ever New 'Popular' at £3 19 9)
—now meets every need of men,
women, sportsmen and child-
ren. The outstanding triumph
of modern industry and crafts-
manship. The immense output
of the Hercules Company (the
only firm to have exceeded
3-million sales!) enables them
to achieve what would be im-
possible to any smaller organ-
isation. All models with Dunlop
tyres and rims, heaviest chrom-
ium plating and all accessories.

YOUR DEALER IS Enthusiastic

Because he knows Hercules are the sweet-
est running cycles—the best that money
can buy. Have a quiet talk with him.
He will be happy to accommodate you
in strictest confidence. From 2/- weekly.

FREE Hercules 1934 £40,000
Magazine. 32 pages. Worth
2/6. Free to you. Full colour pictures
from oil-paintings. Articles by famous
cyclists. Showing full range of Hercules
1934 roadsters, light roadsters and
racers. From your dealer or The Hercules
Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd., Aston, B'ham.

24
WEEKLY

The Famous STUR-
MEY - ARCHER
3 - SPEED GEAR
can be fitted on any
Hercules single speed
model at an extra
of—20s. 0d.



New
POPULAR MODEL
All-British steel. Heaviest
chromium plating. Reflec-
tor, bell, toolbag, spacers,
oilcan, pump, clips, large
polishing cloth and main-
tenance book. **CASH**
£3.19.9 OR ON
EASY TERMS
(Ladies' New Model 'L' 24s. 6d.)



New
SPORTS TOURIST
Sturmev - Archer 3-speed.
Oilbath gearcase. Roadster
tyres and Endrick rims by
Dunlop. Spring-seat saddle.
Accessories as New
'Popular' (Ladies' or Gent's)
£5.15.9 OR ON
EASY TERMS



New
'O' RACER
Specially low-built frame.
Short wheelbase. Tyres
and Endrick rims by Dunlop.
Heaviest chromium plating.
Full accessories. **CASH**
£4.6.6 OR
(Ladies' New "OA" 24s. 11.6
or easy terms.)

Hercules

The World's Best Range of CYCLES



WIN "JOHN BULL'S" PENSION *plus* FORTUNE PRIZE FOR THIS X-WORD

A WEEK FOR LIFE *and*
OR ONE LUMP SUM
OF £1,000 . . .

£100
EXTRA BETWEEN
ALL RUNNERS-
UP . .

£100
EXTRA BETWEEN
ALL RUNNERS-
UP FROM WHOM
WE RECEIVED TWO
ENTRIES IN THE
SAME ENVELOPE

£600
CASH

252

THE Solution to the entertaining puzzle on this page will be published in "John Bull" on the Thursday before Easter. What a holiday will be yours if on that day you learn by telegram that you alone have solved this problem correctly!

Such thrilling news would declare you the winner of an enormous 2-in-1 prize—a Life Pension of £8 a week and a fortune of £600, with the opportunity of choosing £1,000 if you prefer a lump sum.

WINNERS' WIRES

Winner or sharers of First Prize will receive telegram seven days after closing date.

Half an hour with the common-sense Clues which await you and a big success may well be yours. But make sure that your entry is in by noon, Thursday, March 22.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £8 a week and £600 Cash (or a lump sum of £1,000) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 22, 1934, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 5.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 250.

SOBRIETY
IRON
GEOGRAPHICAL
HIT A MOTIVATIONAL
SPY TO PASS
AND UNEASY
TROUBLE
EKE
SUSTAINED
TWO SHOOTING
SADDEST
STIEM

Winners in X-Word No. 249 appear on Page 39. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 250 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

- ACROSS**
1. A sack
 4. Describes a stern master
 7. A grown-up is this
 8. Capable
 10. Awakes light sleeper
 11. Utter in words
 13. Poppish fellows
 18. Bride walks up this — a wife walks down
 20. Is served with milk and sugar
 22. Dragged along
 24. Short for "October"
 25. Mischievous boy
 26. A taunt
 28. What we do with our eyes
 30. They make many feel the pinch
 31. Old salt can tell a good one
 33. Allow
 36. People follow him
 37. Wood helps to form it
 38. Good man usually passes without difficulty
 39. Don't turn on this too quickly
 40. Opens a lock

- DOWN**
1. They make good use of their brass
 2. Don't make this about nothing
 3. Not needed if you take straight road
 4. Value of stock is affected by this
 5. They seem to make more noise at night
 6. Wood is more elastic when it is this
 9. What the hens do
 12. Artiste studies his carefully
 14. We like to see it turn
 15. It has a long arm
 16. Such fashions are more becoming
 17. Keeps food in good condition
 19. Cricketer's name for slow ball
 21. Female sheep
 22. Many illnesses are due to
 23. Cider is made with these
 27. Where water may be seen
 29. A ghost
 29. Great warmth
 32. Kind of beer
 34. Number of years
 35. Cunning

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copy-ing-ink or copying-pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /s/ Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, March 22.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mis-laid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 5. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, April 17, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided; but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should First Prize be shared £1,000 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

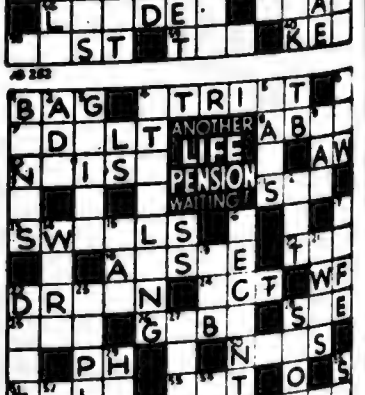
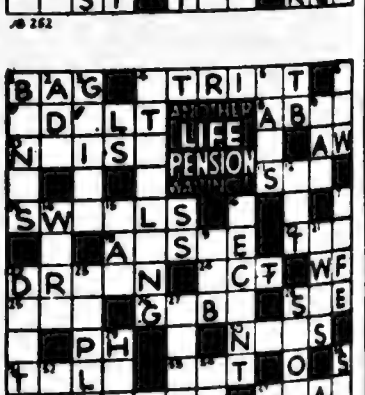
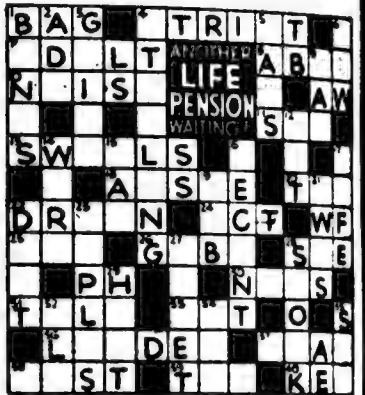
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

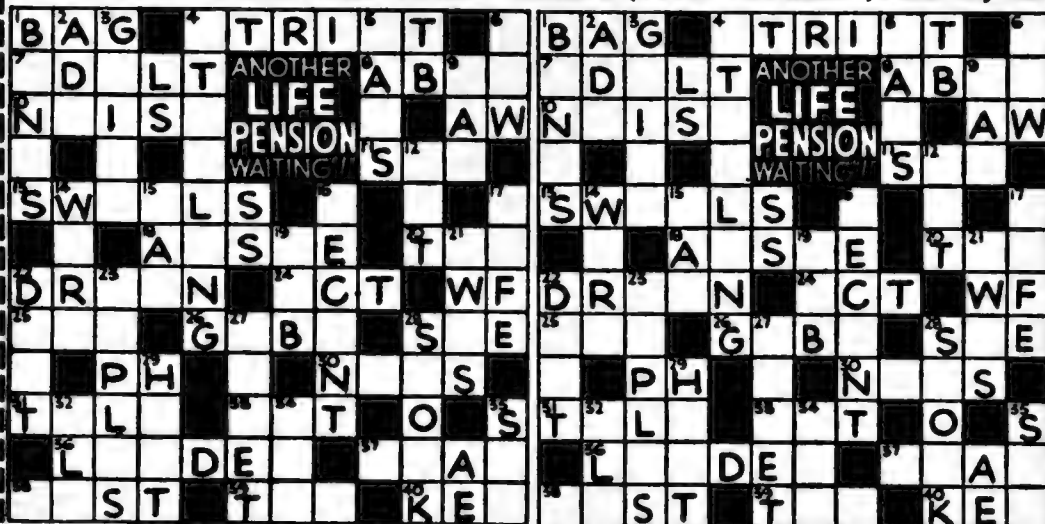
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



FREE HELP
with "John Bull's" puzzles awaits you in the Crossword Gazette. Register on Bulletin coupon in "Bullets" page.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 252—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAR. 22, 1934



JB 252

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose
P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

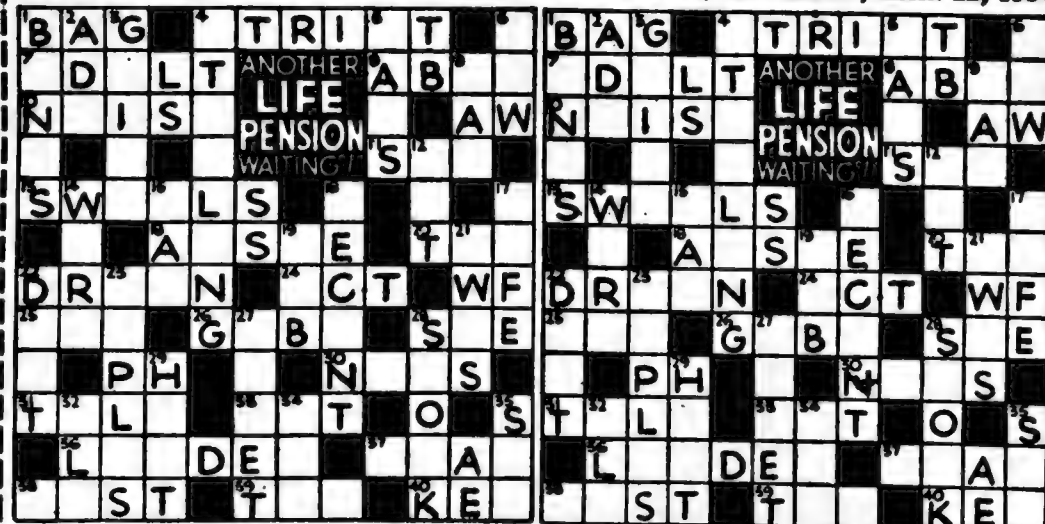
ENTRY
FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES—
CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES—

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 252—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAR. 22, 1934



JB 252

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose
P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY
FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for 6s. With four squares send one P.O. for 1/- See Rule 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL"
CROSSWORD No. 252, 57, Long
Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

FREE TODAY

6th Tube Tokalon Skinfood

TO WOMEN WHO WANT TO LOOK YOUNGER

'Biocel' is the amazing discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal, of the University of Vienna. Extracted from the skin of carefully selected young animals, 'Biocel' is the precious natural element in the skin which keeps it young. 'Biocel' is combined with nourishing ingredients in Tokalon Skinfood according to the exact formula of Prof. Dr. Stejskal. In

official tests at the University of Vienna, wrinkles on women of 60 years of age disappeared after six weeks' use. Tokalon Biocel Skinfood rejuvenates the skin; removes lines and wrinkles and tones up, sagging facial muscles; makes sallowness, faded complexions fresh and young again. Successful results guaranteed with Tokalon Skinfoods or money refunded.

A full sized tube of Biocel Skinfood will be given free to every purchaser of a 6d. box of Poudre Tokalon during the next few days. At all Chemists, Hair-dressers and Stores.

GET YOURS TODAY

Before Your Dealer is Sold Out

Painful PILES

Eased in 5 minutes

Within five minutes of the first application of 'Nemolin' you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished, whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. 'Nemolin' is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all good chemists.

'Nemolin'

Pile Ointment
The Pile Cure that SAVES THE KNIFE

The certain Cure for CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION & BILIOUSNESS

Get yourself of Constipation and Indigestion easily and quickly by taking Dr. Scott's famous Pills, the safe and sure remedy for all digestive troubles. Regular use for a few days will tone up the liver, stomach and digestive organs, after removing all impurities from the system. Tried and proved for over 100 years. These Pills are perfectly harmless and can be taken by delicate women and children with great benefit. Obtainable at all Chemists at 1/6 & 2/- per Box. Prepared by W. Lambert and Co., Ltd., 285, Euston Road, E.C.1.

Dr Scott's Bilious Pills

Never miss reading
JOHN BULL'S "SHOP WINDOW"
See pages 2 & 3



A healthy and polished home in every tin

"Mansion," the brilliant polish for Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum, is also a valuable cleansing agent. It quickly removes all dirt and its antiseptic properties destroy any harmful dust germs. Use "Mansion," the Antiseptic Polish that ensures a healthy and polished home.

FOR DARK WOODS USE DARK MANSION.

Tins 3d., 6d., 10½d., and 1/9.

Large Household Tin containing 2lb. net, 3/-. MP/10/3

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Thick, Lustrous, Glossy Dandruff-Free Hair—

by using **KOTALKO**

"My hair was very thin and full of dandruff. It was a tremendous relief to find that after I had used Kotalko for a few weeks there was a noticeable improvement. My hair is now thick and wavy and I am able to recommend Kotalko with confidence."

Miss D. Mathison.

Are YOU Losing Hair?

Thousands of men and women have regained new locks of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling scurf and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

KOTALKO

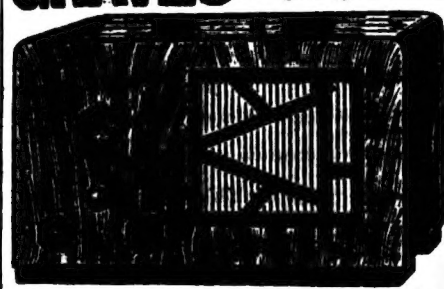
If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To **JOHN HART BRITAIN Ltd.**,
9, Percy Street (53.P), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME

ADDRESS

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Make sure of having the best by installing **GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven set** contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial, Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9 in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL, LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN.

H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid 66.10.0 or 3/- monthly. Full-time Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

Mrs. A. A. Applebury, 25.3.34, writes:—"We must write and express our thanks to you, on the Wireless we purchased from you exactly 8 years ago. Perhaps it seems impossible, but we haven't had a new wire or wire or anything whatever on the set, and what's more it is going as good as day as the first day we used it. It has been used an average of 8 hours a day, and we feel certain our set will continue to function because it is Graves make, and only Graves can produce such bargains."

GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS fitted with finest components, including Iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects. Carriage Paid 69.0.0 or 12/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of these and other self-contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Hot Sets, etc. **J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.**

REDUCED

A Genuine 15/- Frock NOW 9/11

On Approval for 1/- Deposit

MODEL K. 327. A particularly attractive business Frock in light-weight Bradford woollen material. Just the trend of Modern fashion. High neck-line with check tartan tie. Fancy epaulettes embodying a style that is 'just right.' Remember it's on approval for 1/- deposit. Balance 2-monthly

In Light Bottle, Cherry, Lido Blue, Nut Brown, Navy, Black.

SALE PRICE 9/11.

K327 Bargain Coupon

Please send me, on approval, Model K 327 at Present Sale Price of 9/11.

Size Colour
I enclose 1/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/-. If I return the Frock unworn at once, you will refund my deposit. Enclose Coupon with full name and address and Postal Order crossed thus 1/-.
Overseas and Irish Free State, full cash only.
John Bull, 17.3.34. No. 508.

Post your Order at once to—
AMBROSE WILSON, LTD.,
509, Ambrose House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road - London, S.W.1.

Sizes. Hips. Length.

SSW	36 in.	40 in.
SW	38 "	42 "
SW	38 "	44 "
SW	38 "	46 "
W	40 "	46 "
W	42 "	48 "

1 WEEKLY

You can obtain these handsome carpets and everything else you need for the home at factory prices on the Easiest Payment Terms ever offered. Write for details NOW and save pounds. **SEND NO MONEY** till you have seen the wonderful array of astounding bargains offered in our sumptuously illustrated 460 page Catalogue. Write for FREE Copy TO-DAY.

The Great Universal Stores Ltd., (Dept. 138E.), Manchester, 13.

STOMACH PAINS and GALL STONES

Mrs. FRENCH, 23, Maxwell St., St. Helens, Lancs., writes:—"I suffered with intense Stomach Pains and the doctor said I also had Gall Stones. My family were concerned at my decline. As a last resource I was recommended to take Vitadatio, and after taking it 3 months I was a new woman. All that nagging listlessness is gone and I can enjoy life as I did before my illness."

Vitadatio

The World-Renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood-purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. If you are a sufferer—do not despair. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio. It has succeeded in almost hopeless cases. **GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY!** Sold by Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special 21/- bottles, containing three weeks' supply for export only, post free, from **VITADATIO, No 121, ARNLEY, LEEDS.**



DORA and Emily Rhodes, living at 6, James Butterworth Road, Rochdale, are the victims of a great tragedy. Their father, a cotton spinner, slipped on the stairs of his home and fell headlong to his death. The stairs were steep, dark and narrow and without hand-rail, as is so often the case. Already motherless, Dora and Emily found themselves orphans at the age of twelve and thirteen, their future uninviting and insecure.

But since the tragedy, a rift in the clouds has appeared. Their father, with commendable foresight, had registered for JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift. As a result, a cheque for £110, which includes the 10 per cent. bonus, has been despatched on behalf of the orphaned children,

and the money will be spent in providing for their future welfare. Thus JOHN BULL has again acted in the rôle of "foster father," as so many times before.

Filling up the Registration Forms—an act requiring only a minute or two—proved a veritable godsend to these little orphans. The same simple act performed by you may have consequences just as vital.

Remember that although Free Insurance is to-day a household word, only JOHN BULL covers the home in such a completely practical manner.

Only JOHN BULL safeguards precious belongings against Fire—only JOHN BULL provides Benefits for Storm, Flood and Sickness.

Reach for your pen now. Sign the forms below and be safe.

EIGHT YEARS' PAY

for Railwayman's FOUR WORDS!

Winner's Talk with Our Representative

IN the little Post Office at Treherbert the other Friday afternoon, one "Bulleter" chanced to meet another.

"Buying a Postal Order for Bullets?" inquired one.

"Not this time," was the reply. "I'm just acknowledging this First Prize telegram!"

I learnt of that incident from cheery young Mr. W. D. Evans, when I called at 13, Church Street, Treherbert, to congratulate him on his huge success.

His "Bulleter" friend, Mr. V. Mitchell, won a Radio Gramophone from JOHN BULL not long ago. His success made Mr. Evans determine to secure a bigger one—and now that ambition is realised to the tune of £1,000, the chief award in Bullets No. 926.

Who amongst his friends, I wonder, will be spurred on to win a substantial prize by what Mr. Evans has done? There are other "Bulleteres" amongst his work-mates in the G.W.R. sheds at Treherbert, he told me; one railway official even rang up from Cardiff to offer congratulations and hear the winning effort.

Leading up to that forceful and well-phrased *Bullet* of his, GLEAM OF SUNSHINE—PASSED—THE "OPENING'S" FILLED, Mr. Evans tells of weeks of patient plodding, with little or no reward for his keen interest in our Competition.

"I took to *Bullets* really seriously when we got married four years ago," the winner told me, "and since then I have entered one or two coupons for every Contest. But apart from numerous 'Target' Prizes my biggest win has been half-a-crown, which came to cheer me up last Christmas."

"I hope my fellow-competitors will



He composed a Golden Melody

think my *Bullet* a good one," he went on, "and I am almost as proud to see my name at the top of the prize-list as I am glad to write it on the back of JOHN BULL's cheque."

"*Bullets Bulletin* has been a great encouragement, and my chief assistance has been a regular study of the winners. I go right into every one each week to see exactly why it won."

There will be no rash spending as the result of his £1,000 success, I gathered; Mr. Evans is too wise a man for that.

"It's grand to think of that £1,000 safely invested for my wife and little boy," were Mr. Evans' words—it was easy to see what it means to this 45s-a-week man to know that his family is now provided for.

Below you will find a list of winners in our 927th Competition. Let them help you to put your name on that thrilling £1,600 telegram which JOHN BULL will despatch on Friday, April 6.

There is not one *Bullet* amongst these successful efforts which, with a little care and common-sense, you could not have made up yourself.

There is no reason, therefore, why one of the *Bullets* you get to Long Acre by Saturday, March 24, should not bring you a huge reward from this week's array of fine cash prizes.

"BULLETS" BIGGEST COMING!

Two records will be broken by our coming offer of prizes value over £6,500, including 50 Radio Gramophones, in Competition No. 933. First Prize—£12 a Week for Life or £5,000 cash!

OVER £1,900 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,600, COMPETITION NO. 927

CORPORAL T. EASTHAM, 34, M.Q., Perham Down, Ludgershall, Andover, Hants.

Example:—NEEDS WATCHING

Bullet:—Or My "GOVERNMENT" OVERWORKS!

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. F. E. RANDALL, Levaline Crescent, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Example: Europe
Bullet: "Menagerie"—With Paper Partitions.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. T. McCRINDLE, Schoolhouse, Port Logan, Wigtownshire.

Example: Man's Progress
Bullet: "Switchback"—Each "Peak" Higher.

10 PRIZES OF £5:

T. S. CAW, Doonree, South Biggar Road, Airdrie, N.B.

What Love Can Do—Inspire "Rhyme"—Impair "Reason."

(Entered on Season Ticket coupon.)

S. H. CROUCHER, 19, Park Crescent East, North Shields

Woman v. Woman—"V"—Tear In Bargain!

T. CUMBERFORD, 2, Jackson Street, Blantyre, Lanarks.

What Love Can Do—Die—To Prove Deathlessness.

J. C. EOAN, 40, Singleton Road, Splott, Cardiff, Europe—"Digging Grave" In Air?

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. ELLAM, 63, May Street, Croxland Moor, nr. Huddersfield.

Europe—Adding "Upheavals" To "Depression."

G. F. HARRISON, 9, All Saints' Terrace, Newmarket.

Man's Progress—Electric Kettle—No Water!

Miss M. HEATH, 4, Hednesford Road, Heath Hayes, Stafford.

Soon Fades—Into "Dawn," Life's "Sunset."

S. V. LINDSAY, Garrison, Co. Fermanagh.

Slave To Tradition—"Stiff-necked"—Won't "Look Round."

M. MARSHALL, 35, Mackworth Street, Bridgend, Glam.

Slave To Tradition—Thinks "International" Means Anti-national.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.

Mrs. A. AVORY, 2, Hengaston Street, Bedminster, Bristol.

Woman v. Woman—"I'm No Child, Mother!"

J. H. BEERS, 39, Serpentine Road, Belfast.

How She Caught Him—"Sorry—To-night's Cookery Class!"

S. GARD, 3, Alma Villas, Plymouth.

The Gossip—"Spreads" News With "Knife."

C. HENDRICK, 14, Edith Road, Selhurst, London, S.E.

Like A Volcano—Threatening "Civilisation's Vineyards," Europe.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

S. F. JONES, 163, Douglas Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham.

Say What You Like, But—Recipe Says It's Delicious!

F. ROY, 10, Linwood Road, Birkenhead.

Dad's Breakfast—Or Stud? Mother's Dilemma.

J. L. KAY, 114, Narburn Road, Shield Row, West Stanley, Co. Durham.

How She Caught Him—Twisted Ankle—"Romp Home."

Mrs. J. R. MACKIE, 28, Annick Road, Irvine, Ayrshire.

Needs Watching—And Ignoring Occasionally.

Child.

Mrs. L. PARSONS, 21, Ravenna Road, Allerton, Liverpool.

The Gossip—Discovered "Skeleton"—Police Corpse.

E. STEPHENSON, 30, Pont Street, London, S.W.

Spring Is Coming. So—Take "Cue"—Take Walking-stick!

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of 50 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the office of "John Bull."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN DESPATCHED.

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J.B. 17/3/34

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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

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**Be Quick With Your "Bullets"
For This Giant Contest!**

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EXAMPLE	
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EXAMPLE	
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(931) Closing SAT. Mar. 24	P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed _____ Address _____	

Address Entry : "Bullets" No. 931, "John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.O.2 (Comp.)

£750 & CUP FINAL WEEK-END **NEXT WEEK'S**
NOVEL BIG
FIRST PRIZE

**NEXT WEEK'S
NOVEL BIG
FIRST PRIZE**

**FREE
TO
LADIES**



**FREE
TO
MEN**



3 Free Gifts FOR ALL WHO DESIRE Beautiful Hair

**SPECIAL OFFER TO TEST THE WONDERFUL
Hair Growing — Hair Restoring — Hair Beautifying
"Harlene-Hair-Drill"**

"I am always being complimented on my beautiful hair," writes Miss Rosalind Snow, the beautiful model of the Famous Hairdressing Expert, Renato. "My secret is 'Harlene' and the regular practice of 'Harlene-Hair-Drill.'"

Every lady reader of this paper to-day is fortunate in learning the Hair Beauty Secret of Miss Rosalind Snow. They are **doubly** fortunate in being invited to test the wonderful powers of "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Free of Charge. Just choose which 8 "Harlene" Preparations you would like from the list below and send the Coupon without delay. Then you can test how, in just 2 minutes a day, your hair can be made Thickly Luxuriant and of a Beautiful Texture. As your mirror reflects, morning after morning, the wonderful transformation you will be amazed and delighted beyond measure.

(1) 'HARLENE' HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

For nearly 50 years "Harlene" has held pride of place as the greatest Hair Grower and Hair Beauty Promoter. To-day it is more popular than ever.

"Harlene" is the true liquid food for the hair—the "champagne-like" reviver of every hair shaft. Every hair root, every tiny hair follicle, comes under its restoring, revivifying power.

Lank, Lifeless, Lustreless Hair becomes Virile and Lustrous.

Brittle, Splitting, "Rough" Hair takes on a glorious soft and silken texture.

Hair stops Falling; and Thin, Straggly Locks grow thickly luxuriant and unbelievably attractive.

Take care of your children's hair! "Harlene" preserves, strengthens, and invigorates it.

TO MEN

Baldness, Thinning at the Temples, Impoverished Hair, etc., make you look Old and Careworn. Massage "Harlene" into your scalp for **TWO MINUTES** a day—the difference in seven days will amaze you! All Chemists, price 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.



(2) 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

Your first shampoo with "CREMEX" is an experience to be remembered. Its generous dainty perfumed creamy lather is delightfully refreshing and super-cleansing. It frees the hair from every trace of Scurf and Dandruff and is most beneficial to the scalp. A FREE Burnishing Rinse is included with each sachet. Price 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos. (Single sachets 8d. each.)

(3) 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

"Uzon" gives just that final touch of distinction to the coiffure. Its dainty and discreet perfume is subtly alluring. This highly refined brilliantine gives a glossy appearance to the hair, and is equally suitable for both ladies and gentlemen. Invaluable to those with over-dry scalp. In Liquid or Solidified form, 1/1½d. and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

(4) 'HARLENE' WAVE-SETTING LOTION

Keeps the Hair in wave for long periods, and makes the waves deep and entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££'s on Hair Waving Bills! Price 1/3 per bottle. **POPULAR SIZE 7½d.**

42, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.
Dear Sirs,—No style of hairdressing can be a success without superbly healthy hair. Especially is this so with regard to a prize winning hairdressing style such as is shown. I always advise ladies to use the so wonderful "Harlene." If men, too, would only use "Harlene" they would not be worried by baldness and thinning hair.
T. Renato.

(5) 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash

Every lady with fair hair should try the Beautifying power of "HARLENE" Camomile Golden Hair Wash. It develops and revives the beauty of Blonde Hair and imparts a Glorious Light-Gold "Sunshine" Touch to Hair that has become dull and lost its tone. Price 1/8, 3/-, and 5/- per bottle.

(6) 'ASTOL' HAIR COLOUR RESTORER

If your Hair is Grey, going Grey, or discoloured, you should use "Astol," which will quickly restore it to a Youthful Colour—making you look years younger. Price 3/- and 5/- per bottle. **POPULAR SIZE 1/9.**

(7) 'HARLENE' HAIR CREAM

Something new for MEN. A combined Dressing and Tonic. Improves the condition and appearance of the hair, keeps it well groomed and in position all day. Every man should try it at once. 1/1½ and 2/- per bottle. **POPULAR SIZE 7½d.**

"Harlene" Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct on receipt of price, Post Free within the British Isles.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon (Postage 1½d.) and four-pence in stamps to cover postage and packing a set of any 8 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. Attach Coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address and state which numbers required.

EDWARDS HARLENE, LTD.
(H.900), 20/26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.